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MONROE'S SUPPLEMENTARY SERIES—FOURTH BOOK

THE

ADVANCED

THIRD READER

BY

MRS. LEWIS B. MONROE



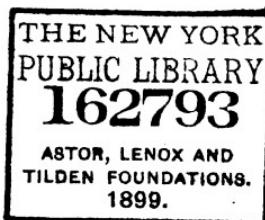
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PREFACE

TEACHERS who have used the lower books of this series know that their *aim* is to teach children to write good English, as well as to read correctly. In the Primer the little ones copy, at first, only two words in script; then four words, or a line, but always a complete sentence. Afterwards they are given two, three, and four lines. This prepares them for copying the simple letters which are found in the First Reader. The Second Reader goes a step beyond this, in giving little stories or conversations which are to be copied on the slates, or written from dictation, at the discretion of the teacher. With all this preparatory drill, the children are qualified to begin, in connection with the Third Reader, to

Express their own Thoughts.

This book, therefore, gives opportunities for constant drill in language-lessons, and in simple compositions. But, teachers should avoid using the word "composition" before young pupils. It is a bugbear,—a stumbling block in the way of many a child's progress. It is much better to lead children so gradually into the expression of their own thoughts that they are unconscious of difficulties.

Each lesson in the Third Reader should be regarded as a writing, as well as a reading-lesson; and teachers should get a fourfold drill from each story. For instance:—In the first lesson, "The Cat," the teacher should begin by thoroughly interesting her class in the subject. Have, if possible, a live cat to talk about, before the reading-

lesson. Let each child say something about Pussy. One will tell the color of her fur; another, how many feet she has; another will notice her claws; and so on. And if the little ones do not exhaust the facts of the story (with which, of course, the teacher has already made herself familiar,) *they should not be told, but should be led into finding out the facts for themselves.* This requires tact. But what teacher, with a heart full of love for children,—and we can imagine none other in a school-room,—can look into their eager, questioning faces and not be inspired with helpfulness?

The object-lesson on "The Cat" may consume the hour for reading. Can any one say the time has been wasted because the readers have not been opened? The wise teacher knows that the children will look forward with eagerness to the reading-lesson of the next day. That hour will probably be strictly a reading-lesson; and experience has proved that the young voices will be fresher and freer, and the inflections—unconsciously to the children themselves—more varied from the interest awakened in the subject, during the object-lesson.

Not until the third day would we have the teacher call particular attention to the words at the beginning of the lesson. And then the exercise should not be made a bleak, bare spelling-lesson. Let the children copy the words on their slates, and then make up and express (but not yet write out) sentences introducing each word: as, "The **claws** of a cat are sharp;" "Archie made Pussy show her claws by **squeezing** her paw," etc. An hour spent in this way can be made exceedingly interesting to children; and is far more profitable to them than committing to memory prosy definitions, containing words often more difficult for them to understand than are the words so defined.

On the fourth day the children should again copy on their slates the words at the beginning of the lesson, and *write* sentences containing them,—either new ones or those thought

of the day before,—but always in connection with the story. This drill will not only fix in the children's minds the spelling and meaning of each word, but will familiarize them with the facts of the story, and will give them readiness in the expression of their own thoughts, so that they will have no trouble in

Writing Letters,

which is an important feature of this book. A severe but just criticism of our public school system is, that children graduate from many of our grammar schools without being able to write correctly, even simple notes. The author had this in mind in arranging Archie's letters to Kate, which the children are to copy on their slates and then write a reply. It will be noticed that Archie's letters are suggestive, in order that the little ones may readily find something to say in their answers. *These letters also contain the rules for punctuation and the use of capitals*, which the children have already met *practically* in the Second Reader. The letters are purposely without dates, as these are to be added in copying.

In connection with the correspondence with Archie, we trust the teacher will induce the children to express themselves frequently in writing. Call the imagination into play—that mighty lever in the training of the young. Have a post-office in the school. Let the children write letters to each other or to their teacher. Let them imagine that Archie goes away again, or that Kate makes a journey and describes what she sees. Let the boys go, in thought, to the far North, and write home their adventures. Try anything—no matter what—that will induce the children to express themselves in writing. One may become a perfect oral speller, and have at his tongue's end all the rules of grammar, and yet not be able to write correctly a simple note;—and all this—because he has been drilled in **talking about how to do a thing instead of doing it.** “Practice makes perfect;”—this every one will acknowledge. We trust that it will not be said of any child that has used the Second

and Third Readers of this series, that he cannot write a simple note correctly. It should not be said, if the teacher has been faithful to her trust.

And this learning to write must have a reflex influence upon learning to read well. He who can express his own thoughts in simple, concise sentences, becomes an excellent critic and exponent in interpreting the thoughts of others. He unconsciously acquires the power of analysis. He will seek for the emphatic words in a sentence; he will bring those words to the front in his imagination, and the subordinate ideas shall pay homage, through voice and proper inflections, to the central or leading thoughts.

In arranging the lessons for this Reader (three-fourths of the book was never before in print) we have attempted to give the teacher something interesting to talk about with her classes, as well as to bring out the various inflections of the children's voices. A careful reading of the simple stories in the first part of the book should enable children to tell, by looking at the skull of an animal, whether it belongs to the flesh-eating, gnawing, or chewing animals.

Would that the teacher could realize the importance of encouraging the children to talk with her! Not until we give are we ready to receive. The child who expresses his thoughts to others has not only the joy of giving, but he unconsciously arouses within himself a new power of growth, which will show itself in the quickening of all his mental faculties.

The author would express her indebtedness to Mrs. Celia Thaxter, who has kindly permitted the use of several of her poems; also, to J. W. Bradley, of Philadelphia, for permission to use poems from the pen of Marion Douglass. Some of the stories on Natural History were written by W. N. Lockington.

MRS. L. B. MONROE.

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THE
THIRD READER



The Cat.*

prey	could	tear ing	squeez ing
paws	tongue	a gainst'	en tire'ly
ought	sau cer	fierce ly	cu ri os'i ty
rough	caught	com mon	mi cro scope

"Papa, tell us something about this pussy," said Kate Blanford, as she walked into the study with a strange cat in her arms. "Archie caught it in the yard; and he thinks it is a great curiosity."

* See Preface, page 4.

"It is, papa, a great curiosity," said Archie, who was close behind Kate. "I wonder if you will find out why."

"I think I could tell a great deal about cats that you do not know," said Mr. Blanford, laying down his pen. "But what is there curious about this cat? Give her to me. Ah! I see!—she has six toes on each foot. Do you know how many toes a cat ought to have?"

"Five on each foot," said Archie quickly.

"No, Archie," said Kate, "a cat has only four toes on each hind foot."

"That is right," said papa,—"five on each front foot, four on each of her hind feet."

"Then cats usually have eighteen toes," said Archie; "but this one has—twenty-four!"

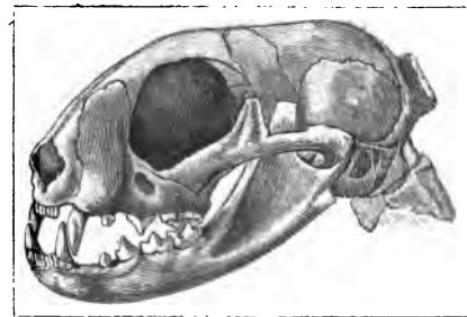
"I wonder," said papa, "if this strange pussy has more teeth than usual. Open her mouth, Archie, and see."

"Pussy, keep still, and let us look at your teeth. There!—I'll part your lips!"

"She has twelve flat teeth in front," said Kate, "six above and six below. I wish I could see her back teeth!"

Just then, pussy, who did not seem at all afraid of her new friends, gave a yawn, showing every tooth she had.

"O, see these four long, sharp teeth!" said Archie, "one on each side of the flat teeth. I have no teeth as sharp as these."



A CAT'S SKULL.

"You do not need them," said papa. "All flesh-eating animals have four long, sharp teeth. They use them in tearing their food. Cats, you know, live almost entirely on flesh."

"So they do," said Archie—"our gray pussy catches a mouse every day. Once when you were away, papa, she caught a big rat;—you ought to have seen how proud she was of it!"

"If old gray would catch only rats and mice I should be glad," said Kate. "She catches those dear little red squirrels that run over the walls and chatter when they see us go by. I took two away from her last week."

"If she catches a squirrel when I am near," said Archie fiercely, "I'll——"

"Take care—take care—Archie!" said papa. "You must not blame pussy for catching birds and squirrels. Look at her teeth again. See these large back teeth,—eight on the upper, six on the lower jaw. Pussy would not have had these teeth if she were not

made to catch live creatures. It is with these teeth that she holds a little animal after catching it."

"Do tigers and lions have teeth like these?" asked Archie.

"Yes," said papa—"If I see only the teeth of an animal, I can tell whether it feeds on flesh, or on grass and herbs. Of course, the tiger and the lion have much larger teeth than the cat."

"I know of something else," said Kate,— "that shows pussy was made to catch live creatures;—see her sharp claws."

Archie took one of the cat's paws in his hand and gave it a squeeze, which pushed out the claws, causing pussy to growl, and strike at him with her other paw.



"There!" said Kate, "that is the way her claws look when she is holding a mouse or a squirrel. When she is walking you can scarcely see them."

"You are right," said papa. "The cat keeps her claws drawn back when she walks; if she did not, they would soon be worn off, so that she could not so easily catch or hold her prey. The dog cannot draw his claws in, so they are of little use to him. He has only his teeth to hold with;—the cat can hold with both claws and teeth."

Pussy had forgotten to be cross at Archie for squeezing her paw. She was purring and rubbing her head contentedly against Kate. Soon she turned her head and began to lick Kate's hand.

"O, pussy!" said Kate, laughing, "I don't like your kisses. Why is it, papa, that cats have such rough tongues? A dog's tongue is almost as smooth as ours."

"There is something very curious about a cat's tongue," replied papa. "If you look at it through a microscope, you can see that it is covered with little cups, as it were. When pussy puts her tongue into a saucer of milk, all these little cups become filled."

"There!" said Archie; "now I know why a cat can lap up milk so quickly. Let us get some milk, and watch pussy while she drinks it."



The Tiger.

claws	would	a greed'	tram pled
their	chance	peo ple	crouch ing
A sia	knives	hun gry	el e phant
ear ly	though	coun tries	men ag'e rie

The Blanford's lived eight miles from the city; so the children did not have many chances to see wild animals, such as are kept in a menagerie. But one day, they found the board fences covered with great show bills. There were pictures of tigers, lions, and many animals they had never heard of before.

Of course, the three children—Kate, Archie, and Fred—wanted to see the show. They asked papa, and he agreed to let them go if they would promise to tell him what they could remember about the animals.

The day after the show, they went into their papa's study, to talk about it.

Mr. Blanford was anxious to know what interested them most, and did not interrupt them for half an hour.

Archie could talk of nothing but horse-back riding; and he became so excited that he threw his hat in the air, and turned somersaults over the arm of the sofa.

Fred had a great deal to say about the trained dogs, and the men who walked on the tight ropes.

Kate wondered if the keepers were kind to the beautiful horses that danced on their hind legs, to the music of the band.

After a while Mr. Blanford said, "I am glad, children, that you had so good a time; but I hope you did not forget to look at the animals."

"No, indeed, we did not," said Fred. "We saw the animals before the show and afterwards, and there are ever so many questions we want to ask."

"It will be a good plan," said Mr. Blanford, "to talk about some one animal, every time you come into the study. Which shall we talk about to-day?"

"The tiger," said Archie; and as the other children did not object, Mr. Blanford began:—

"The tiger is a big cat, with paws and claws like those of our own pussy, only much larger and stronger. It is said that a tiger can kill an ox with one stroke of his paw."

"Just think of that!" said Archie. "If I ever go to Asia, I hope I shall not meet a tiger."

"The claws of the tiger are terrible," continued Mr. Blanford. "They cut like so many knives when he attacks an animal. His teeth are like those of a cat, only much larger."

"Then he feeds wholly upon flesh, I suppose," said Kate. "What kind of animals does he like best?"

"He will attack any creature if he is hungry. He is a great terror to the natives of the countries where he is found, because he carries off their horses, cows, and oxen. He will even carry off men and eat them."

"How dreadful!" said Kate. "I am glad there are no tigers in America."

"I should think, though, that people would know they were coming," said Archie, "by

hearing their great roar. How the old tiger did roar, yesterday!—he was angry because the bear was fed before he was."

"You are mistaken in thinking people would hear the tiger before they saw him," said Mr. Blanford. "He gets his food as a cat does, by crouching silently behind grass and bushes, and springing suddenly upon any creature that passes by."

"Papa," said Fred. "Why don't the people in Asia kill the tigers?"

"Most of the natives are too poor to buy guns; and if they had weapons, it would be dangerous to go on a hunt to attack the tigers. Sometimes the rich people ride on an elephant to hunt for them."

"That must be a safe way to get them," said Fred. "A tiger could not reach a hunter that was on top of a great elephant; besides, being so high up, he could easily see where to shoot."

"You are right," said Mr. Blanford. "Tigers always make their homes near rivers which are lined with tall, rank grass. The great heavy feet of the elephant trample down the tall grass and bushes, so that the tiger cannot easily hide from the hunter."

"But I must not stop longer to-day. Next time we will talk about some other animal you saw."

The Beaver.

build	hab its	weath er	fam i lies
heard	mo lars	gnaw ing	sep a rate
throat	troubl e	plas tered	care ful ly
shi ny	pad dles	to geth'er	en tran ces

"What animal will you tell us about today, papa?" asked Kate, as the three children seated themselves in the study.

"Tell us about lions!" said Archie. "I like to hear about the animals that men are afraid of."

"No, Archie," said Mr. Blanford. "I want you to be able to tell something of the habits of animals by seeing only their teeth and claws. You have learned a little about the teeth of flesh-eating animals."

"Yes," said Archie. "Their jaws are full of sharp teeth."

"When you have seen how different are the teeth of gnawing animals, you will have no trouble in telling whether a creature lives on flesh or not," said papa.

"I don't thin I ever saw a gnawing animal," said Kate.

"I am not sure of that," replied papa. "I should say, rather, that you had not kept your eyes open to learn what you could. I



am going to tell you to-day about the beaver, the most curious of all gnawing animals."

"We saw two beavers at the show," said Fred.

"I did not see any beavers," said Archie.

"Don't you remember those little creatures," asked Fred, "about three feet long, with shiny black hair? and we heard a man say that the fur near their skin was soft as silk. They lived in a sort of tank, partly filled with water, and there were rocks at one end of it."

"O, yes, now I remember!" said Archie. "Don't you know, Kate, we noticed what funny shaped tails they had—just like paddles?"

"Yes," said Kate, "and one beaver swam with a stick of wood in his mouth."

"I suppose you could not see into their mouths," said Mr. Blanford, taking down a book from his library. "This picture will show you how odd are the teeth of beavers and all gnawing animals."

"What queer teeth!" said Archie. "I am sure a beaver cannot catch a rat or any other small animal. It would run right out of that big round hole in the front of his mouth, where there are no teeth."



A BEAVER'S SKULL.

"All gnawing animals have teeth that look very much like those in this picture," said Mr. Blanford, "four in front, very long and sharp; then a large

round space where there are no teeth. Back of this are molars, with which they chew their food."

"No wonder the beaver that we saw thought it was good fun to carry a stick of wood in his mouth," said Archie. "I should almost think the mouth of gnawing animals was made to carry sticks of wood."

"Not very far from the truth," said Mr. Blanford, "at least as far as beavers are concerned. If they did not have this way of carrying their timber, I don't know how they could build such wonderful houses."

"Houses?" asked Archie, "do tell us about them!"

"Sometimes the beaver builds his house near a pond, but he prefers running water; and as he is found mostly in the north, where the rivers freeze in winter and overflow their banks in spring, you can guess what would happen to his home if it were not made very snug and strong."

"I should think it would be washed away," said Kate, "like the houses on the banks of rivers out West."

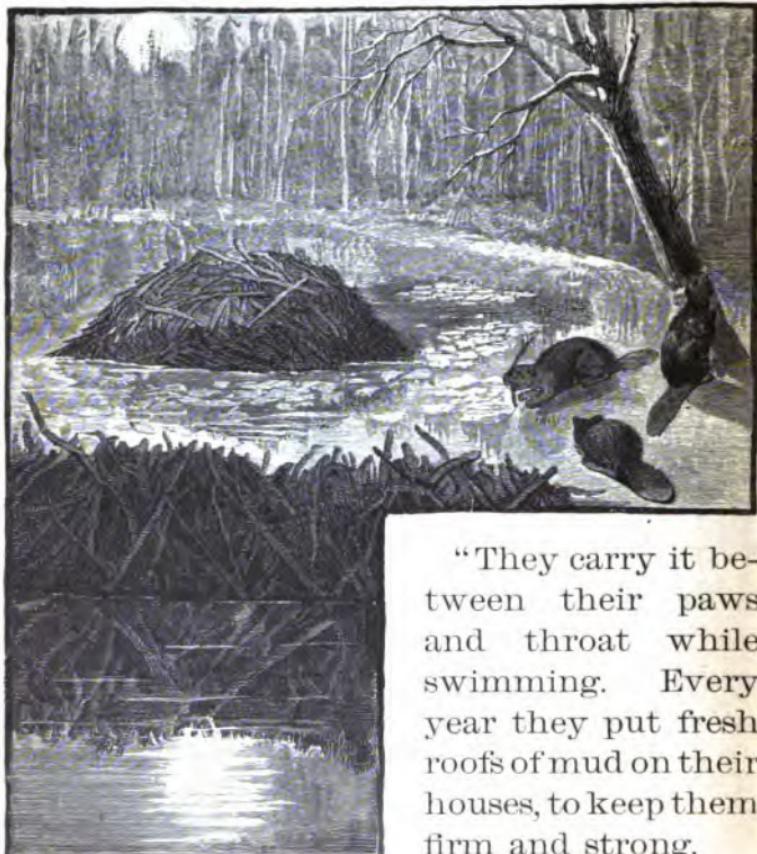
"Beavers seem to know what dangers may come to them, for they take great pains to make their houses very strong. I will try to describe to you a beaver town."

"A beaver town, papa! What do you mean by that?"

"A number of beavers get together and select a good place for building. Their houses are round in shape and are partly under, partly above, the water.

"The walls of their houses are very thick and strong, being made with branches and moss, plastered over with mud."

"I would like to see the beavers at work," said Archie. "How do they carry the mud?"



"They carry it between their paws and throat while swimming. Every year they put fresh roofs of mud on their houses, to keep them firm and strong.

"Several families of beavers live together in the same house; but they have separate rooms or nests, with separate entrances, all of which are under water. So you see, when they go visiting, they have to swim.

"No animals can ever catch them, unless they, too, are good swimmers, or are strong enough to scratch a hole in the side of their houses."

"Papa," said Fred, "I don't see what beavers do in winter, when the rivers are frozen. How do they get out of their houses then?"

"I am glad you asked me that question, Fred; it leads me to tell you of the wonderful dams built by the beavers."

"Real dams, papa," asked Kate, "like those in the river by the saw mills?"

"Yes," said papa, "and made even stronger than those built by men. These little creatures fell small trees, by gnawing them with their teeth.

"Then they drag the trees to the place where they are to build the dam, and lay them down, fastening them in place by putting stones and mud on each end.

"Sometimes these dams are ten or twelve feet thick at the bottom; although at the top, which is above the water, they are only two feet thick."

"I know how it is," said Fred; "the dams are built further down stream than their houses;—so, even if the surface of the river

is frozen, they have a place to swim in, because the dams make the water deep."

"That is it, Fred. I wonder you do not ask what they eat during winter."

"I was thinking of that," said Kate. "I suppose they lay up a store of food for cold weather, like other animals."

"When they have felled a tree, they carefully gnaw off all the bark and stow it away in their houses. This is their winter food. Of course, they become quite lean in winter, but they grow fat again as soon as the spring gives them sweet herbs and berries."

"Papa," said Fred, "It is a wonder to me that beavers and all gnawing animals do not wear out their teeth. Even tools wear out after a while."

"In some ways," said Mr. Blanford, "the front teeth of beavers are better than tools made of steel. They do not have to be sharpened; and, instead of wearing out, they keep on growing all the time."

"Papa," said Archie, "don't you think we shall see a beaver sometime, when we go to the mountains?"

"Possibly," said Mr. Blanford, "but the poor beavers have been hunted so much for the sake of their fine fur, that they are now very scarce."

Gnawing Animals.

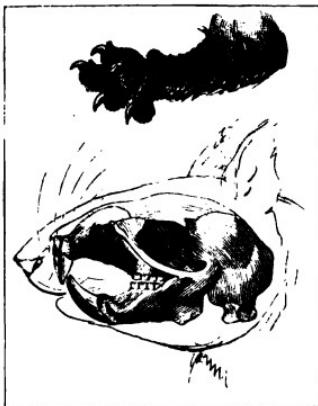
pear	proved	nib bled	car ried
rogue	ker nel	be tween'	mis chief
un til'	man age	naugh ty	squir rel
inch es	ex pands'	chip munk	prob a bly

The next time the children went to talk with their papa, they all looked as though they had something interesting to say; for papa had said he should expect each one to tell something about a gnawing animal.

"Well, Fred," said Mr. Blanford, "what have you to tell us?"

"I have learned," replied Fred, "that squirrels are gnawing animals. Their teeth look very much like the pictures of the beaver's teeth, only smaller. Besides, I have seen squirrels gnaw.

"I watched a squirrel yesterday. He took up a filbert, that I had thrown on the ground, in his fore paws, and bit off one end with his sharp teeth.



A SQUIRREL'S PAW AND SKULL.

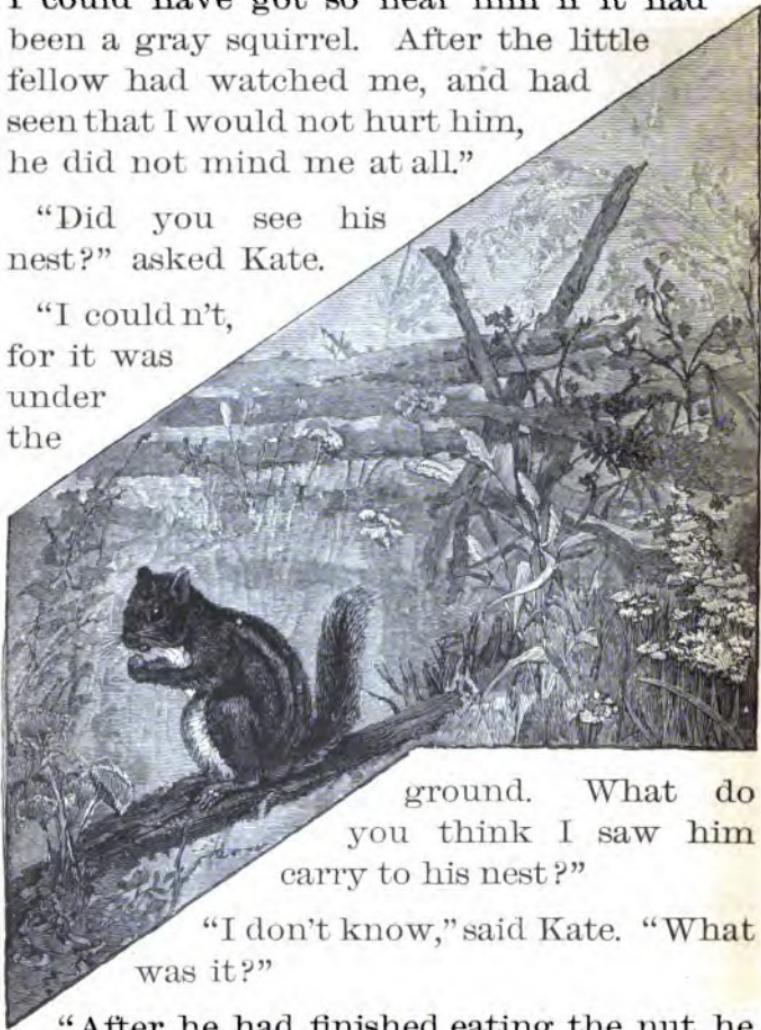
"Then he cracked the nut again until he got hold of the kernel. I wish you could have seen how cunning he looked."

"Was it a big gray squirrel?" asked Archie.

"No, it was a little chipmunk. I don't think I could have got so near him if it had been a gray squirrel. After the little fellow had watched me, and had seen that I would not hurt him, he did not mind me at all."

"Did you see his nest?" asked Kate.

"I couldn't, for it was under the



ground. What do you think I saw him carry to his nest?"

"I don't know," said Kate. "What was it?"

"After he had finished eating the nut, he picked up the rest of the filberts that I threw on the ground, bit off the sharp ends and stowed them away in his cheeks. I couldn't help laughing, he looked so cun-

ning, pushing in the nuts with his paws. After he had tucked away four nuts, he carried them to his nest."

"Did he come back for more filberts?" asked Archie.

"Yes, and I noticed that he carried four each time."

"The little rogue!" said Kate. "I wish I could have seen him."

"You have told us a good story, Fred" said Mr. Blanford. "Archie, what can you tell us about?"

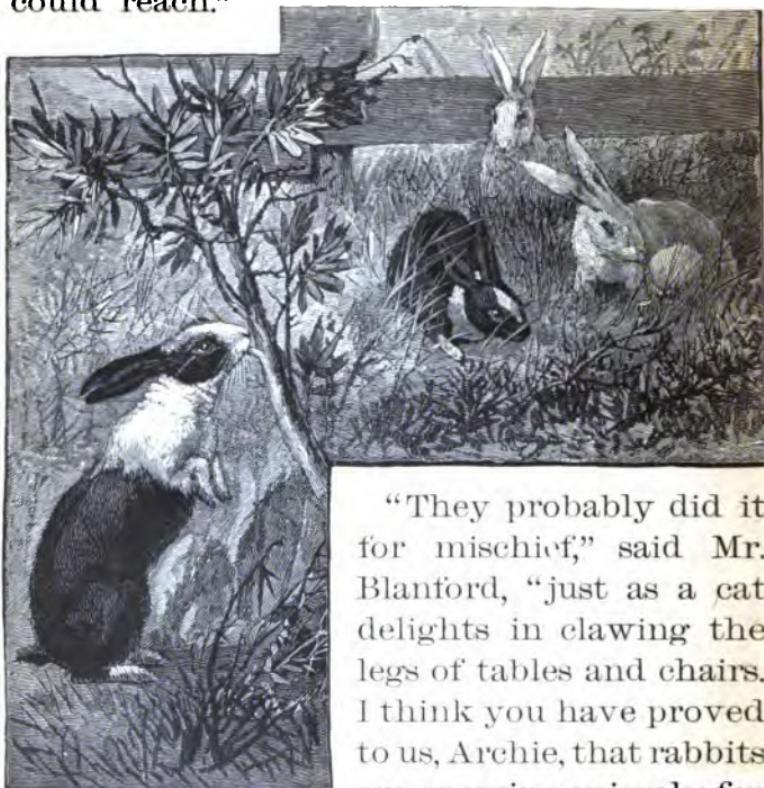
"Rabbits are gnawing animals," said Archie. "I was in Mr. Smith's garden, yesterday, and I heard him say, 'Harry, you must manage to keep your rabbits shut up, or I shall have to give them away. Come here and see what mischief they have done in my fruit-garden.'

"Harry and I looked, and saw that they had nibbled the bark from half a dozen young pear trees."

"Perhaps some naughty boys did it," said Fred. "What made you think the rabbits had been the rogues?"

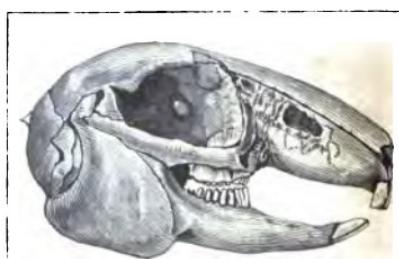
"We saw the marks of their teeth," said Archie, "and there were little heaps of bark round each tree. Besides, Mr. Smith's gardener saw them, and drove them all

away. They must have stood on their hind legs and nibbled the bark as far as they could reach."



"They probably did it for mischief," said Mr. Blanford, "just as a cat delights in clawing the legs of tables and chairs. I think you have proved to us, Archie, that rabbits are gnawing animals; for if their teeth had been shaped like those of a cat or a dog, they could not have done such mischief to the trees. Kate, what have you to tell us?"

"I know that rats and mice are gnaw-



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A RABBIT'S SKULL.

ing animals," said Kate. "They gnaw holes through boxes and through wooden floors even. I never liked rats,—they are such a bother in the house; but I would like to see a harvest-mouse, such as they have in England,—it must be so cunning."

"I can show you a picture of harvest-mice," said Mr. Blanford, taking a book from his study table. "They are said to be the smallest of gnawing animals."

"What dear little things!" cried the children, as they looked at the picture. "Do tell us something about them!"

"The harvest-mouse is about two inches and a half long; its tail is as long as its body. It is so tiny that it sometimes builds its nest between four heavy stems of grass, about ten inches from the ground.

"The nest is made of dry grass, and is open-



HARVEST-MICE.

work, like a lady's basket. It is round, and about as large as a cricket-ball. It is made in such a way that it expands or grows larger when the six or eight little mice inside begin to grow."

"O, I wish I could see such a pretty little home!" said Kate. "How the cunning cradle must rock when the wind blows!"

"And how it must fall when the men cut down the grass," added Archie.

"Children," said Mr. Blanford, "I am glad to find that you have all kept your eyes open since our last talk, trying to learn for yourselves. Next time I will give you something else to think about."

The Elk.

lose	hoofs	served	di vid'ed
pair	move d	nei ther	skel e ton
herd	fe male	chew ing	beau ti ful
none	whol ly	pol ished	Feb ru a ry

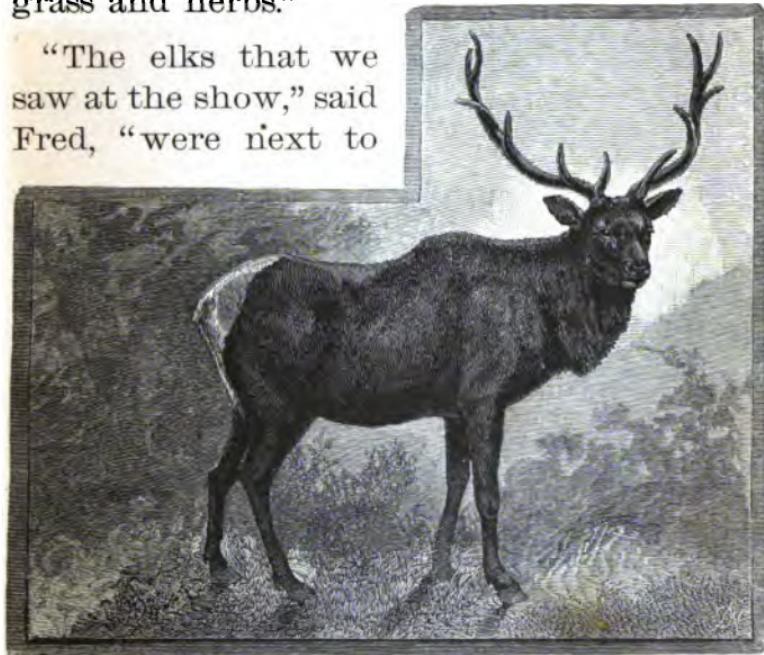
In the hall of Mr. Blanford's house was a fine pair of horns. They were polished and fastened to the wall, and served for a hat-rack.

One afternoon, as the children hung up their hats, Kate said, "These horns are just

like some that we saw at the show;—I wonder if these are elk's horns." So the next talk they had with papa they told him they wanted to learn about the elk.

"I am glad you have selected the elk," said Mr. Blanford. "It belongs to a different class of animals from those we have talked about. It is a chewing animal and lives on grass and herbs."

"The elks that we saw at the show," said Fred, "were next to



the tigers. One of the little tigers was lying on its back, putting its paws on the bars of its cage. This made me think to look at the feet of the big elk; and I saw that it had hoofs that were split in the middle, like two large toes; and a little way up, on the back of each foot, was another sort of toe."

"Very good," said Mr. Blanford. "This is one of the ways by which you can tell an animal that chews its cud; each foot is divided into two large toes which are covered with hoofs."

"That is queer," said Archie. "I don't see why they should have feet so different from flesh-eating animals."

"Now, Archie," said Kate, "you know that an animal which kills its prey needs sharp claws. Creatures that live on grass do not need any claws."

"Did you notice any other difference, Fred, between the tiger and the elk?" asked papa.

"Yes, sir; it was so warm when we were at the show, that a part of the time one of the elks kept his mouth open and his tongue out. This gave me a good chance to see his teeth."

"I noticed his teeth, too," said Kate. "They were not at all like those of the cruel animals; but I think Fred can describe them better than I."



SKULL AND FOOT OF ELK.

"The elk had eight front teeth on the lower, but none on the upper jaw," said Fred. "Then there was a large space where you could see only gums; but there were big back teeth on both jaws that looked somewhat like ours."

"Now, children, you know just how the jaws of all chewing animals look."

"It is very interesting," said Fred. "The next time I see the bones of an animal's head anywhere,—for I do see skeletons sometimes,—I shall know whether it belonged to a flesh-eating, a gnawing, or a chewing animal."

"But, papa," said Kate, "I want to hear more about elks. I never saw live ones till the other day; but I always liked to see pictures of them."

"I suppose there were two or three elks in the cage," said Mr. Blanford. "Did they all have horns?"

"No," said Kate, "one had horns like those in our hall. The other large elk had no horns; neither did the little elks."

"The female elk never has horns. The male has a new pair every year."

"Why, papa," said Archie, "you do not mean to say that those great horns fall off and new ones come?"

"Yes, Archie, in February the horns fall off, and very soon, new ones begin to grow. The elk is very shy then; but it is sometimes dangerous to meet him when his horns are fully grown."

"Did you ever see an elk when his horns were partly grown?" asked Fred.

"Yes," said Mr. Blanford. "Once, when I was traveling across the country on horseback, I stopped to drink water from a brook. Here I found three or four elks; they were lying down, chewing their cuds."

"If it was in the spring," said Kate, "I suppose their horns were not grown."

"They were not wholly grown. At first the elks seemed shy; but I happened to have some salt which they were very glad to get. One of them let me pat him. His horns were covered with a soft, velvet-like skin, very hot to the touch. This skin falls off when the horns are grown."

"I never knew before," said Fred, "that elks lose their horns every year. Does any other chewing animal have more than one pair of horns in its lifetime?"

"Elks, and other animals of the deer family, are the only creatures that shed their horns. Next time we will talk about some other chewing animal."

Archie's First Letter.*

Dear Kate:

You and I are to write to each other. M~~an~~ma says so. Are you glad? O dear! I never know where to put a capital letter and where not to put it.

Mamma heard me say this and she said: "Archie, that is a very easy matter if you will only take a little pains. I will give you one rule to write in each letter that you send to Kate; and she must copy this rule in her letter to you."

*This is the rule mamma gave me to-day:—
"Every distinct sentence should begin with a capital."*

That is easy enough to remember. I knew it before;—didn't you? There is not much to write about to-day, so I am glad of the rule. It helps fill up the page.

I hope you will have something interesting to tell me when you write. I shall look for a letter to-morrow morning.

We ought to have a Post-Office box. What do you say to putting our letters in that hole in the trunk of the old maple tree?

Good-by!

Archie.

P. S.—Don't forget the rule.

* See Writing Letters, Preface.



The Bison.

im mense'
mu se'um
ex cit'ing
trav el ing

thou sands
A mer'i can
cul ti va ted
de scrip'tion

herbs
gnats
hump
bi son
re al ly
prai rie
shag gy
whirled
e nough'
be cause'
ploughed'

"Papa," said Fred, the next time the children went into the study for a talk, "there was another animal at the show, that I think you must have seen when you were traveling out West. It was called the 'American Bison.'"

"Do tell us about them," said Archie. "It is more interesting to hear about animals that you have seen."

"First," continued Mr. Blanford, "I want you all to tell me what you remember about the bison that you saw at the show."

"He was a large, shaggy-looking animal," said Kate, "and had a hump on his back. I never saw such a thick, long mane as he had. It almost reached to the ground."

"He was like a great bull wearing a shaggy fur coat that partly covered him," added Archie. "His eyes were black and very bright."

"His horns were nearer his nose than a bull's horns," said Fred. "They were smaller, too; perhaps they looked small because they were almost covered with his black mane. His feet looked like those of the elk, only they were not so large. I remember they were divided in the middle, and had hoofs."

"Then the bison is a chewing animal," said Archie, with a wise look.

"Of course, the bison lives on grass and herbs," said Kate. "That one we saw at the show had some hay in one corner of his cage; and now and then he took a nibble of it."

"Well, children," said Mr. Blanford, "you have given me a pretty good description of the bison that you saw. Now I will tell you of the first time I saw a bison. It was in England, in a museum."

"Then, I suppose," said Fred, "that he was stuffed, was he not?"

"Yes; but he looked so life-like, so proud and fierce, that I was startled when I first caught sight of him.

"When I read his name on the large glass case—'American Bison'—I was glad to think that the great forests and plains of our country still give homes to wild animals. In England, you know, all the land is cultivated.

"A gentleman who was standing near, and who knew that I was from the United States, asked, 'Are there many of these wild creatures near where you live?'

"'No, indeed!' I replied, 'they never come near towns and cities. Our country is so immense, that there are great tracts of land in the West where large herds of bisons roam, unseen by man.'

"Papa," said Archie, "I don't think it is interesting to hear about stuffed bisons; I wish you had seen real live ones."

"O, I did, afterwards. Three or four of us were traveling on horseback, in the West. One day, we saw a large dark object many miles ahead of us,—for we were on level ground.

"We thought at first, that this was a forest; but soon saw that it moved, now this way, now that. We rode close to it; and what do you think it was?"

"I don't know," said Archie. "What was it?"

"Thousands and thousands of wild bisons feeding on the prairie!"

"We were not seen by any of the herd, until just as we came upon them. Those nearest us were frightened, and ran. That scared the rest; and soon the whole herd were running over the plains.

"Such a trampling of feet, and such a cloud of dust as they raised! The ground looked as if it had been ploughed it was so torn up by their hoofs."

"Were you not afraid, papa?" said Kate.

"No, for the bison will not attack man, except to defend himself: he is even shy and timid.

"We stayed that night at a house where we had for supper some juicy tender steak from the hump of the bison.

"We met there two hunters, who told us many strange stories of their life among the wilds of the West."

"Please tell us some of them," said Archie.

"Our talk has been long enough to-day. Next time I want you each to tell me about some chewing animal; after that, I will tell you of a creature that gave the hunters a great deal of trouble."

Archie's Second Letter.

Dear Kate:

We shall have some fun in writing to each other after all. The best of it will be, going to our Post-Office box to find a letter. I wish we did n't have to think of the rule, each time!

The rule for to-day is;—"Days of the week, and months of the year, should begin with capitals;" as, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday; January, Feb—, I have forgotten how to spell the second one, so I will leave the months for you to write.

You did not tell me what you did yesterday, when you went to play with Lizzie Smith.

Please tell me in your next.

Archie.



Other Animals that Chew the Cud.

goat	cam el	stow ing	crop ping
jerks	up per	fast ened	brows ing
lla ma	but ted	ea ger ly	swal lowed
low er	chewed	stom ach	ex cep'tions

"Well, children," said Mr. Blanford, at their next talk,—"I hope you all have something interesting to tell me to-day. Kate, you look as if you had something to say;—what is it?"

"I have been thinking lately, papa, about the animals that eat grass, and trying to learn what I could myself by watching them. At first I thought that they all

chewed a cud; but now I know better, for I have been watching old Mac, the horse."

"It is a great deal to find out even one fact for yourself," said Mr. Blanford. "Did you learn anything more?"

"I don't know that I learned much, papa; but I kept saying to myself, 'Why should n't a horse chew as well as a cow?' And then I thought this:—a cow has nothing to do but eat, lie down and rest, and give milk; but a horse has to work a great deal, so that he has no time to chew a cud."

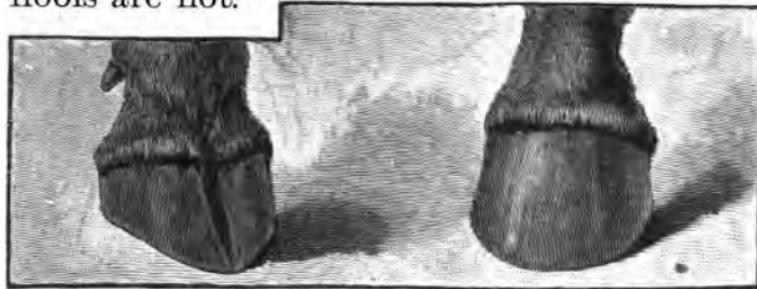
"That is true as far as it goes; but it is readily seen that a horse was not made to chew a cud. You must have noticed whether the teeth of the horse and cow are alike."

"They are not alike, papa. The cow has no upper front teeth. The horse has as many or more teeth than we have; but there is a little space on each jaw, where there are no teeth,—this is where the bit goes."

"One thing more," added Mr. Blanford. "Did you see how unlike, in their manner of eating grass, the horse and the cow are?"

"Yes, papa, I did," said Kate eagerly. "A horse just bites off the grass, and a cow gets hold of it between her upper jaw and tongue, and her lower teeth, and pulls it off with a jerk."

"The feet of horses and cows are not alike," said Fred. "They both have hoofs; but a cow's hoofs are divided; a horse's hoofs are not."



A COW'S HOOF.

A HORSE'S HOOF.

"Papa," said Kate, "I do want to know how a cow can chew grass after she has once swallowed it."

"I am glad you asked me that question, Kate; and I will answer it after Fred has told me his story."

"I hav' n't much to tell," said Fred; "but I know that sheep chew their cud, and they have no upper front teeth."

Just then Archie, who so far had nothing to tell, saw a goat cropping grass quite near the house. The goat had broken away from a stake to which it had been tied and was quietly browsing.

"Papa," said Archie, "do goats chew a cud?"

"Find out," said Mr. Blanford; and Archie jumped through the open window, and ran towards the goat.



"Come here, sir!" said Archie. The goat looked at him a minute and then ran at him, and butted him over into the tall grass.

"Archie," said Fred, laughing, "do goats have horns?"

"I—I—think they have," answered Archie, getting up and looking a little ashamed. There is no knowing what else the goat might have tried to do; but Mr. Blanford went out, and, quietly taking up the rope which was fastened round the goat's neck, held his head still, and parted his lips while the children looked at his teeth.

"No upper teeth," said Archie; "so I suppose he chews a cud."

"The goat did not quite scare you out of your wits, Archie," said Mr. Blanford; "you have told me what I hoped you would all find out for yourselves, and that is,—animals that have no upper front teeth chew a cud.

"There are two animals, in far-off countries, that have upper front teeth, and yet chew a cud; they are the camel and the llama, with its long, silky wool. But with those exceptions, what Archie said is true.

"The camel and the llama cannot always get soft grass to eat. They often have to feed on bushes and twigs that are hard to bite. This is why they need upper teeth. But let us go back into the house, and I will try to answer Kate's question.

"The chewing animals have the power of swallowing quickly a great deal of food. After this is chewed a little, it passes into the stomach, which is in four parts.

"The first part is much larger than the rest, so that it may hold the food when it is first swallowed.

"When a cow is at rest, some of the food passes into the second part of the stomach, where it is rolled into little balls.

"Some of these little balls of grass come back into the mouth whenever the cow wants to chew her cud. When they are

chewed enough, she swallows them again, and they pass into the third and then into the fourth part of the stomach."

"How strange it all is, papa!" said Kate. "I see now why a cow seems so happy when she is chewing her cud,—she is really eating her dinner then. When she was pulling off the grass, she was only stowing it away,—getting it ready for dinner."

Archie's Third Letter.

Dear Kate:

Mamma says you spelled all the names of the months correctly. Of course you ought to spell better than I, because you are older.

What a jolly time you must have had at Lizzie Smith's! When do you think you will go again?

This morning I heard mamma say that next Wednesday would be her birthday. I wish I had not spent all my money! Tell me what you are going to give her; and in my next letter I will tell you what my present will be, that is, if I can make one pretty enough, and I think I can.

I almost forgot the rule mamma gave me to-day:—"I and O should always be written in capitals."

Good-by. Write soon to

Archie.

The Wolf.

piece	no tice	close ly	dread ful
peace	drear y	qui et ly	sur prised'
bush y	farm er	fight ing	re turn'ing
wolves	cow ard	howl ing	dān ger ous

"Papa," said Fred, as the children seated themselves for another talk, "I want to know what animal it was that gave the hunters trouble."

"It might have been bears," said Archie. "Grandpa says there were bears in our woods when he was a little boy."

"No," said papa, "it was an animal that looks something like a dog; but its teeth are longer, sharper, and stronger, and its tail is more bushy."

"I know now what you are going to talk about," said Fred,—"wolves. We saw some at the show. Don't you remember, Kate, that you said the animals in one of the cages looked like cross dogs?"

"Yes, I remember; and afterwards two of the wolves were fighting, and made a noise very much like dogs. The keeper went to their cage and stopped them. If he had not done so, I think they would have hurt each other, for they showed their teeth and looked very ugly."

"Wolves," said Mr. Blanford, "are found in almost all parts of the world, in hot as well as in cold countries; and everywhere they show the same cruelty."

"Did the hunters that you told us about see many wolves?" asked Archie.

"Yes. Wolves go in packs, and this is why they are so dangerous. Every night the hunters keep a bright fire burning; and often a pack of wolves may be seen not very far off, watching for a chance to steal the game which the hunters have killed."

"O, dear!" said Kate, "I should not like to be a hunter. It would be dreadful to know that a pack of wolves was near by."

"They seldom attack men or horses. They are great cowards, when they are not excited in the chase."

"I should think," added Fred, "that hunters would be unable to sleep in peace, for fear the wolves would carry off their game."

"Hunters know that wolves will not touch the game if a scarecrow is placed near it, although they often attack a large bison. They show none of the noble traits we often see in dogs, though they are much like them in form and size, and in the shape of their jaws and teeth."



"Once some travelers were riding at night in a wagon, across a dreary plain. Soon they were closely followed by a pack of howling wolves. One of the party, who knew how easily they could be frightened, trailed a rope from the back of the wagon. This scared the wolves, so that they ran off into the woods. I have heard another story that shows how cowardly they are."

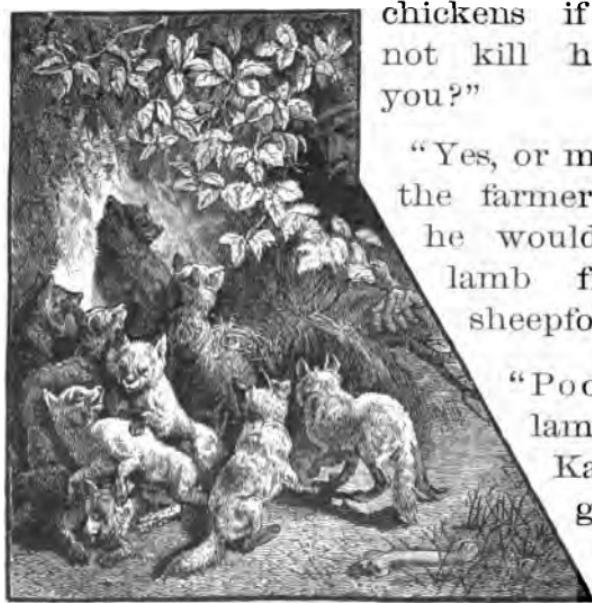
"Do let us hear it," said Archie, drawing nearer.

"One night a large wolf fell into a pit by the side of a road. Not long after, a poor woman returning from her work, fell into the same pit, and there they both stayed all night.

"The wolf was so frightened when he found he could not get out, that he did not seem to notice the woman, but lay quietly at the bottom of the pit. In the morning, a farmer going by, helped the woman out, and then shot the wolf."

"It was not very hard work to shoot that wolf," said Archie. "I suppose the farmer thought the wolf might catch his hens and

chickens if he did not kill him,—don't you?"



"Yes, or more likely the farmer thought he would steal a lamb from the sheepfold."

"Poor little lamb!" said Kate. "I am glad the wolf was shot."

"I owned a wolf once," said Mr. Blanford.

"You, papa—owned a live wolf?" shouted the children.

"Yes; my grandfather was a famous hunter. One day he killed two wolves and found their nest with nine little ones in it."

"The nest was lined with soft moss, and with fur which the mother-wolf had pulled from her own body."

"Poor little things!" said Kate. "What became of them?"

"My grandfather sold eight of them to a man who had a show in a city. The other one he gave to me. At first my mother was unwilling that I should have such a pet. But she soon became used to it, and it grew to be a large wolf."

"Did it never try to bite you?" asked Archie, surprised.

"No, indeed. I fed it two or three times a day with bits of meat; and it grew to be as fond of me as a dog, and followed me wherever I went."

"Where is it now?" asked Fred.

"It was my pet for three years, when it died. Do you remember the fur rug before the fireplace in our guest-chamber?"

"I do," said Kate. "It is yellowish brown, with a little black round the edges."

"That rug was made from the skin of my pet wolf."

"Why, papa!" shouted the children. "I wonder you never told us about it before!"

Archie's Fourth Letter.

Dear Kate:

I know mamma will like the present you have for her. Fred says he shall give her a silver thimble. You know mamma lost her pretty gold one.

I wish I had not spent all my money, so that I could buy something for mamma. I should think she would not care at all for my present, if I had not heard her say one day, she thought presents that were made, were best of all.

I forgot!—you don't know yet what I am making, —it is a hanging basket. I shall have ferns and vines growing in it. Do you think it will please mamma? I hope she will hang it in the bay-window where she sits to read and sew.

We must arrange some plan for giving the presents! Would you put them round mamma's plate at breakfast; or would you have them on the sitting-room table, and not let her see them till breakfast is over? Perhaps you can think of a plan that is better still.

Your brother,

Archie.

P. S.—This is the rule for to-day:—"Names of persons and places should always begin with capitals."

The Giraffe.

does	bul let	a cā'cia	sin gu lar
lev el	tall est	eight een	shoe-soles
for est	•on ions	harm less	as par'a gus
shields	spot ted	awk ward	veg e ta bles

"Papa," said Kate, at their next talk, "did you ever see a live giraffe?"

"Only at a show. I have not seen giraffes in their native country, for I never went to Africa."

"Is n't it the tallest animal in the world?" asked Fred. "It was taller than any other animal we saw at the menagerie."

"Yes. A full-grown male giraffe is from eighteen to twenty feet high; the female is not quite as high."

"O, how funny it must be, to live where the giraffes are!" said Kate. "Think of waking up in the morning, and seeing a giraffe looking into your chamber window!"

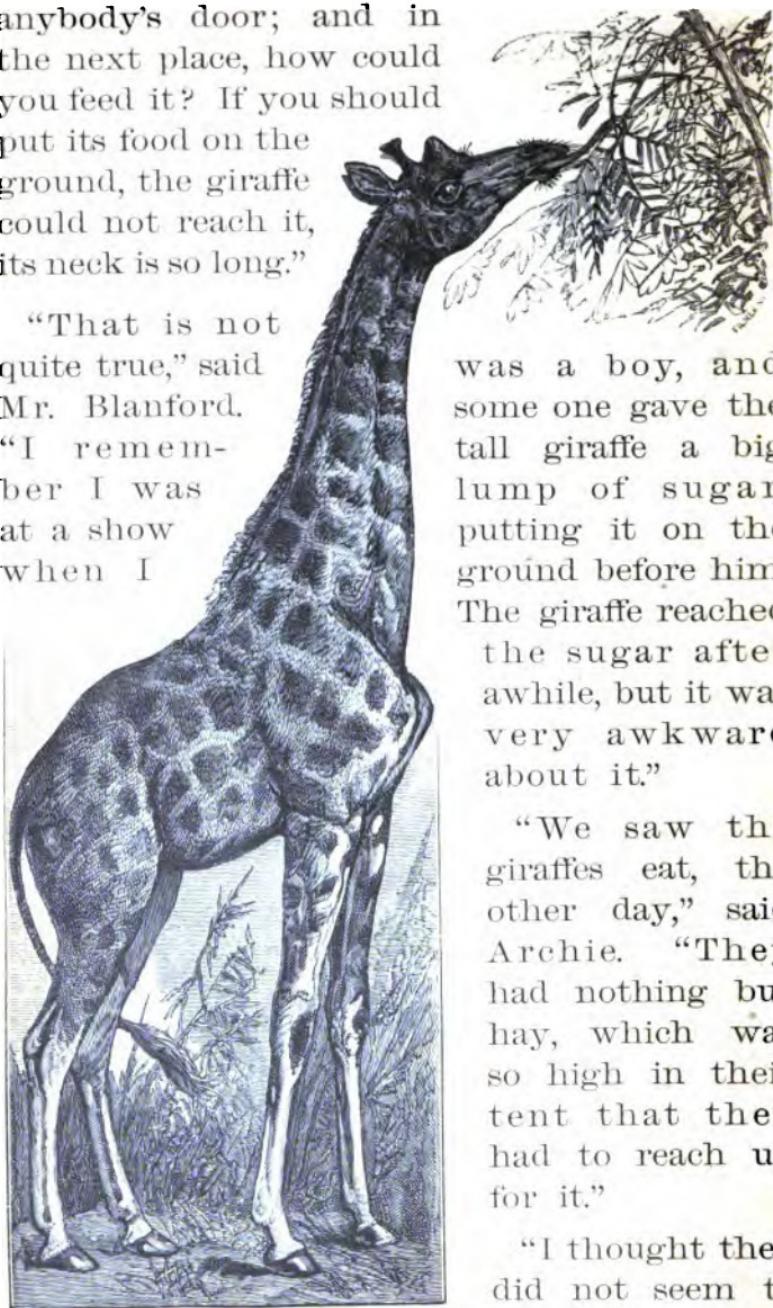
"It is tall enough, that is true," said Mr. Blanford, ~~and~~ "and it is a harmless, gentle creature; but I think it does not come near houses. Giraffes live in the forests, where they can find the food they like."

"No one could make a pet of a giraffe," said Archie with a knowing look. "In the first place, it is too large to get into

anybody's door; and in the next place, how could you feed it? If you should put its food on the ground, the giraffe could not reach it, its neck is so long."

"That is not quite true," said Mr. Blanford.

"I remember I was at a show when I



was a boy, and some one gave the tall giraffe a big lump of sugar, putting it on the ground before him. The giraffe reached the sugar after awhile, but it was very awkward about it."

"We saw the giraffes eat, the other day," said Archie. "They had nothing but hay, which was so high in their tent that they had to reach up for it."

"I thought they did not seem to
Digitized by Google

care much for the hay," added Kate, "and I wished I had something to give them, that they would like better."

"Probably their keeper gave them carrots, turnips, and other vegetables," said Mr. Blanford. "In Africa, they live mostly upon the leaves of acacia trees.

"The giraffe is said to be very dainty, and plucks only the freshest and greenest leaves. When fed with grass, it takes each blade between its lips, and nibbles carefully from the top to the stem, leaving that part which is not tender, very much as we eat asparagus."

"Papa," said Fred, "giraffes are such gentle creatures, I don't see how they can live in a country where there are lions and tigers. Can they run fast?"

"No, they have a very awkward way of running, and can easily be overtaken by a man, that is, on level ground. When a giraffe is attacked by wild beasts, it keeps its head out of reach, and gives a shower of kicks so lightly and quickly, that even a lion cannot overcome it. If the lion should suddenly spring unseen, the giraffe could not defend itself."

"I do not like to think of a giraffe being killed in that way," said Kate. "Think what a beautiful creature it is; its spotted coat is

so pretty, and it has such lovely black eyes,—so large, so soft and tender. I admired the giraffe more than any other animal we saw”

“I did n’t,” said Archie; “I liked the tigers best. It was fun to hear them roar.”

“There is something very peculiar about the giraffe,” said Mr. Blanford. “It was never known to utter a sound. Even when it is in pain, it suffers without making a cry.”

“How strange!” said Kate, “I should think no one could be cruel to such a creature!”

“Did you notice anything singular about the giraffe’s tongue?” asked Mr. Blanford.

“I noticed that it was very long,” said Fred, “that is all.”

“If you could see the giraffe eat in the forest, you would find that not only can it make its tongue long or short, but the tongue itself has the power of taking hold of the leaves, almost as we would with our hands.”

“I know why a giraffe needs a tongue that can take hold of its food,” said Archie. “Other animals use their paws when they are eating; a giraffe’s head is too high up for that.”

“All other animals do not use their paws in eating,” said Fred,—“oxen and sheep for

instance. But their necks are short, so they have no trouble in reaching the grass."

"Tell us something else, papa, about the giraffe," said Archie.

"Its flesh, when cooked, is said to be very nice. Its hide is very thick, and is made into shields and shoe-soles. That is all I can tell you, to-day."

Archie's Fifth Letter.

Dear Kate:

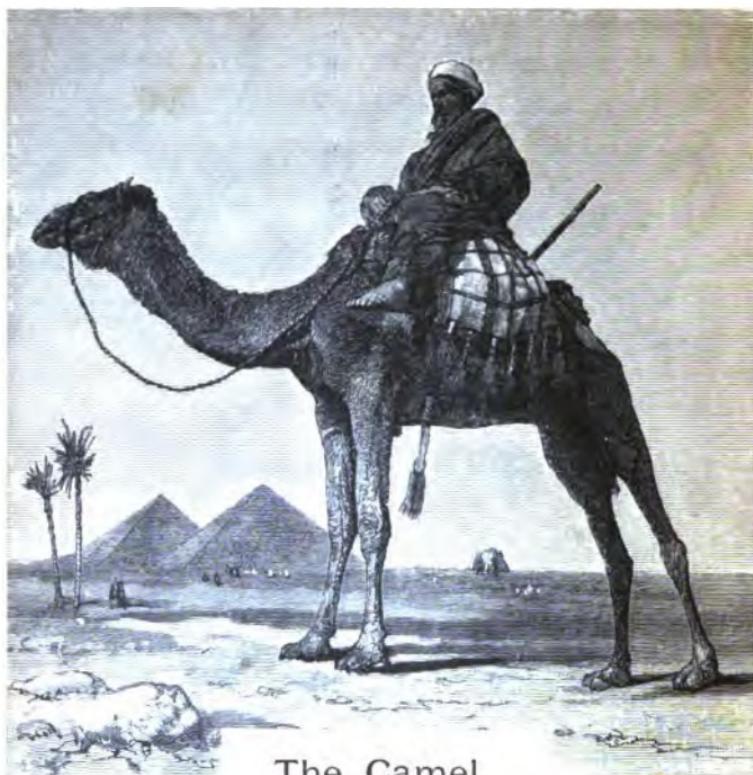
I like your plans for mamma's birthday. I think we can make her have the best time she ever had. My hanging-basket is finished, and I am trying to make something else. It is a motto, like that we saw at Lizzie Smith's. Papa printed it for me, and I am coloring it. This is what it is:—"Heavenly Father, bless our home."

While papa was printing it, he said, "Archie, I will give you a rule for your next letter,—'All names of the Deity should begin with a capital.'" You see I wrote the motto for papa to copy; and I began, 'Heavenly Father' with small letters. That is why he thought I needed this rule.

What are you going to do next Saturday? Fred is going away, and I don't know what to do.

Archie.

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The Camel.

PART I.

o a sis	cush ion	car a van
o cean	jour ney	eye lash es
is land	leath ern	smoth ered
nour ish	col umns	drom e da ry

"Children," said Mr. Blanford, "can you tell me what a desert is?"

"It is a great sandy place," said Archie.

"The largest desert is in the north of Africa," said Fred.

"Have you nothing to tell, Kate?"

"People travel in a desert for days, and see no trees, no hills, no green grass, nothing but hot sand; just as at sea, one sees nothing but water."

"But there are little green spots in deserts," said Fred, "just as there are islands in the ocean. I have forgotten what they are called."

"They are called oases," said Mr. Blanford. "If travelers did not sometimes find an oasis, where they could get water to drink, they would die of thirst."

"Their horses would die, too," said Archie, with a knowing look;—"all horses have to be watered every few hours."

"Horses could not endure long tramps across the sandy desert," said Mr. Blanford, "that is, unless there was some way of carrying water for them. They would die of heat and thirst. Besides, a horse is not strong enough to carry much more than his rider; and no wagons could be drawn across a desert."

"No," said Archie, "I don't think they could. The wheels would sink down into the sand. How then can people get across a desert?"

"There is one animal that seems to have been made on purpose to endure long journeys under the hot rays of the sun; and that animal is the camel. And isn't it singular that the camel is found only near a desert, where it is most needed! We should find little use for a camel in this country.

"Children," continued Mr. Blanford, "what do you think would trouble a camel most in crossing a desert?"

"I am thinking," said Fred, "how hot and tired a camel's feet must get, walking through the sand."

"Nothing could be better fitted than the camel's foot, to tread on the loose, shifting sand of the desert. The toes—only two—are very broad, and rest on a rubber-like cushion, which not only keeps the foot from slipping, but protects it from the hot sand.

"A camel carrying a heavy load, travels only two-and-a-half miles an hour; but he keeps up this pace for a number of days, with very little to eat or drink.

"Some of the smaller camels carry a man a hundred miles a day. It is said to be very hard to ride a camel, his trot is so uneven."

"Papa," said Archie, "do camels travel all day and all night without anything to eat?"

"O, no! but they can get along with much less food than any other animal. They rest at night, by the side of their keepers, and are content with a few beans or dates."

"If they stop in an oasis," said Archie, "they can get fresh grass."

"Yes, but they often travel for days without seeing anything green."

The Camel.

PART II.

"Papa," said Kate, "all camels do not look alike. Some have two humps, others have but one."

"That is true," replied Mr. Blanford. "A camel having but one hump is called a dromedary."

"I must not forget to tell you something very curious,—the backbone of a camel is not crooked, as you would think. It is as straight as that of any other animal."

"But, papa," said Archie, "how can that be, when camels have such great humps on their backs?"

"These humps are what enable them to cross the desert with so little food—they are made of fat which goes to nourish the camels when they get nothing to eat."

"Do you mean that the humps become smaller," asked Fred, "the longer the camels are on a journey?"

"Yes; and after a very long tramp the camels have to rest three or four months, in order that the humps may grow again. Their owner would not think of starting them on another long journey until then."



"I was reading the other day," said Fred, "that they have dreadful storms in the desert, when the wind takes the sand and whirls it into great columns. I should pity the poor camels then!"

"These desert storms are terrible for a caravan to meet,—that is what a number of men and camels are called—a caravan."

"Tell us about a storm," said Archie. "How do the camels act when the sand

is blowing so fearfully around them? I should think they would all be smothered."

"The men throw themselves on the ground and cover their faces; the camels kneel down and close their nostrils.

"A camel's nose is so made that he can close his nostrils at will. He has also very long eyelashes which keep the sand from his eyes.

"One more thing shows how well fitted the camel is for desert life. His stomach is divided, like that of the cow, into four parts; and he has the power of taking five or six quarts of water into one of these parts, and keeping it there until he needs it."

"It must look strange," said Archie, "to see a camel kneel down; I never saw an animal kneel."

"A large camel can carry eight hundred or a thousand pounds weight. Whenever he is to be loaded, his master makes him kneel, because he is so tall."

"This must be very hard for him; do you suppose it hurts him?" asked Kate.

"No, for on the joints of his legs and on that part of his chest which touches the hot sand, are rubber-like pads like those on his feet."

"I think it is all very wonderful," said Kate, with a thoughtful look in her eyes. "I am sure camels were made to be useful to people who live near deserts."

"There are still other reasons why the camel is so much prized by the people of the East," added Mr. Blanford. "Its milk is very rich; and its soft hair is used for making woolen cloth and also for making fine paint-brushes."

'Archie's Sixth Letter.

Dear Kate:

What do you think I saw when I went to get your last letter? A little squirrel was just popping his head out of our Post-Office box in the old maple tree. Of course he ran when he saw me. Did you write on a torn bit of paper? If you did not, then the little rogue bit the letter. Perhaps he wanted to use it in building a nest. Would it not be nice if we could tame him? Shall we try?

The rule for to-day is:—"All words referring to places should begin with capitals," as, "Every American boy and girl should learn to write a good letter." "American" refers to America, so it should begin with a capital. Mamma says, "Tell Kate to write a word referring to a place, in her next letter."

Archie.

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The Rhinoceros.

joints	drowned	pro voked'
pierce	Af ri can	de scrib'ing
stu pid	shoul der	move ments
jun gles	at tacked'	rhi noc'e res
tan gled	tor ments	in tel'li gent

"Kate," said Archie, one day, when the children had seated themselves in the study, "there was one animal at the show that we have not talked about. It was the queerest creature there; but I have forgotten its name. It had a homely, thick skin, somewhat like that of the elephant."

"I know what animal you mean," said Fred.

"Let Archie go on describing this queer creature," said Mr. Blanford. "What he does not remember, perhaps one of you can add. Was it an intelligent-looking animal?"

"No, indeed," said Archie, "he had a very stupid look. His ears were quite long, his eyes were small and dim, and he had a big horn on his long nose. That is all I remember."

"He was lying down at first," said Fred; "but when the keeper came along, some one said, 'Will you please make this creature get up? I want to see his feet.' And then the big, clumsy rhinoceros—that was his name—slowly got up."

"At one end of his cage was a tank, partly filled with water," added Kate. "He stepped into the water soon after the keeper roused him, but not until I had a chance to see his feet. They ended in three toes, each of which was covered with a hoof. His limbs were thick and heavy. I suppose that is why he moves so slowly."

"The rhinoceros needs to have heavy limbs," said Mr. Blanford, "or he could not tread down the thick grass and tangled brush in the jungles where he lives."

"The rhinoceros can run rapidly, when he needs to do so; but usually his movements are very slow. The one you saw must have come from Asia. The African rhinoceros has two horns. Do you remember anything else to tell me?"

"There was one thing that was very strange," answered Kate. "The homely gray skin of the rhinoceros was laid in folds,—or, at least, there were two big folds near his shoulder, another at the top of each leg, and one over the back near his hind legs."

"There were several folds on his neck," said Fred, "but these did not look so odd as those on his back. I never saw any other animal with such folds of skin."

"The skin of the rhinoceros is so very thick and hard," said Mr. Blanford, "that he could not move easily were it not for these folds. They are like joints."

"How strange!" said Fred. "I could not imagine what they were for. I should think it would be difficult for hunters to kill such a thick-skinned animal."

"It is difficult," answered Mr. Blanford; "and even the claws of the lion or tiger cannot pierce his skin. It is said that the fierce tiger has no more terrible foe than the rhinoceros."

"I suppose," said Archie, "when a tiger has a fight with a rhinoceros, he looks out for that big horn on his nose. I should if I were a tiger!"

"Yes," answered Mr. Blanford, "the horn of the rhinoceros is his chief weapon. Sometimes it is three feet long. It would soon tear to pieces the lion or any other animal."

"Is the rhinoceros, then, such a very cruel animal?" asked Kate. "He looked too lazy to do much harm. Besides, we saw his keeper give him hay and leaves to eat. I thought creatures that lived on such things were never very cruel."

"Usually the rhinoceros is harmless," answered Mr. Blanford, "and he uses his great horn only to root up small trees and bushes, in order to get the leaves and fruit to eat. But he is easily provoked; and then he becomes very dangerous to man or beast. When he attacks another animal, it is not for the sake of its flesh."

"So I thought," said Fred. "The one we saw, ate leaves as if he liked them. I did not dislike him so much, then, for I knew he could not be a flesh-eating animal. I noticed his upper lip. It was so long that he could pick up a very small leaf."

"Does the rhinoceros live part of the time in the water?" asked Kate.

"No, but he is a fine swimmer, and prefers to live on the banks of lakes or rivers. He often wades in and covers himself with mud to keep off the troublesome insects.

"Sometimes they sting him under the folds where the skin is tender. The only way he can get rid of them, is to stand in the water or mud till they are drowned."

"Poor thing!" said Kate, "I am glad there is some way to get rid of such torments!"

"Poor thing!" repeated Archie; "I don't pity such an ugly creature that would kill anything in its way if it were provoked. I can't see what good he does in the world."

"His flesh is much liked for food in some countries," said Mr. Blanford, "and his thick skin is used for making shields and whiplashes. His large horn, too, is used, though it is not so valuable as the tusks of the elephant."

"It is pleasant to think," said Kate, "that even the ugly animals are of some use in the world. When I saw how the tigers and the wolves at the show seemed to love their keepers, I could not help wondering if all wild animals might not be trained to be gentle, if men were never cruel but always kind to them."

Archie's Seventh Letter.

Dear Kate:

I almost knew you would say you wrote your letter on paper that was not torn. Of course, then, the squirrel bit it. What do you say to taking a few nuts whenever you go to post a letter? I will take a little corn. I think we should soon make him glad to see us.

The other day I saw two large boys throwing stones at a squirrel. I don't see how boys can be so cruel! Do you?

Mamma gave me a rule and a verse to write to-day. Rule:—"Every line in poetry should begin with a capital."

*"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us—
He made and loveth all."*

Mamma told me to ask you to write a verse of poetry in your next letter, no matter what it is,—a verse from a song, or even a few lines from Mother Goose.

Good-by!

Archie.

•

P. S.—When you write about the squirrel, be sure and tell me just how he looks. There may be two squirrels, you know.

A—

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The Elephant.

PART I.

huge	i vo ry	sledg es	bag gage
India	weighs	clum sy	in sist'ed
kneel	nos tril	squirt ed	o ver seer'
plague	wedged	meas ures	use ful ness

"Papa," said Kate, "it is very interesting to learn why animals are useful only in those countries where they are found. The elephant is such a clumsy creature, I don't see how he can be of any use. He has no fur even."

"I do not wonder, Kate, that you doubt the usefulness of such a huge creature. The elephant is the largest animal that lives on land. It measures sometimes twelve feet from the ground to the shoulder. It weighs as much as ten or twelve common horses."

"It must be expensive to keep elephants," said Fred. "I heard the keepers say that the largest eats nearly two hundred pounds of hay and carrots each day."

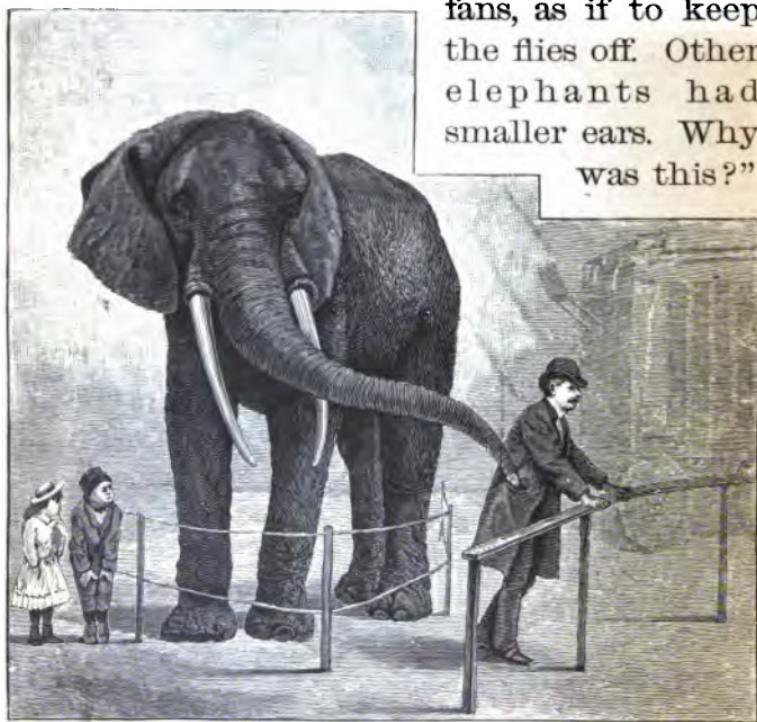
"In India," replied Mr. Blanford, "it takes the time of two men to cut leaves for the food of an elephant that is used in working."

"I did not suppose," said Fred, "that elephants could be used in any such way as we use horses."

"Those found in Africa are not trained to work. They run wild, and are hunted only for their skin and tusks, and for their flesh, which is used as food."

"Papa," said Archie, "some of the elephants at the menagerie had very large ears, which they kept moving back and forth like big

fans, as if to keep the flies off. Other elephants had smaller ears. Why was this?"



"You may always know where an elephant comes from, by the size of his ears. If they are very large, you may be sure he came from Africa; if they are small, he came from India. The tusks, also, of the African elephant are larger."

"Elephants must be quite knowing," said Archie; "a man that stood near me took an apple from his pocket and gave it to the big elephant. He took it with the end of his trunk and put it in his mouth. After he had eaten it, he looked round for more; and when the man did not see him, the elephant put his trunk into his pocket and took another apple."

"I never knew till then," said Kate, "where the mouth of an elephant is. It is just under his long trunk. He had to bend his trunk to put the apple in his mouth."

"It is very curious to watch an elephant's trunk," added Fred; "it is so odd, like a very long nose."

"Yes, that is just what it is," said Mr. Blanford. "The nostrils run up like two tubes, the whole length of this long nose or trunk."

"How very strange!" said Archie. "Why does it need to be so long?"

"I think I know," said Fred. "An elephant's neck is so short, he could not reach his food if he had no long trunk; and he could not drink either."

"You are right," replied Mr. Blanford. "The big tusks, also, would hinder him in eating. The trunk of an elephant supplies

his needs in a wonderful manner. On the end of it is something like a finger, so that he can pluck a blade of grass, or pick up even a pin from the ground."

"How queer it was," said Archie, "to see the elephant drink. First he sucked up the water into his trunk, and then he squirted it into his mouth. I heard it rushing in."

"It was still more strange," said Kate, "to see him throwing the water over his back. Why do you think he did so, papa?"



AN ELEPHANT'S SKULL.

"He does this to cool himself. Sometimes elephants throw the water over naughty little boys who plague them."

"I wish I could have seen the elephant's teeth," said Fred; "they must be very large."

"Did you not see two of his teeth?" asked Mr. Blanford. "Kate surely did, for she spoke just now of his large tusks."

"Papa!" exclaimed the three children. "You do not mean that tusks are teeth?"

"Certainly I do," answered Mr. Blanford. "The elephant has very large back teeth on both jaws; but he has no lower front teeth, and, when he is fully grown, no upper front ones, except his large tusks. Young elephants have upper front teeth; but these fall out in a year or two, and the large tusks take their place.

"A great many beautiful things are made from the ivory tusks. A large pair is worth about two hundred dollars."

"Then I suppose hunters in Africa must be very glad to catch elephants," said Fred. "What do they do with his skin?"

"Underneath the hard leather-like hide, is a tough skin that is carefully removed, and made into vessels for carrying water. You could not guess what the big ears are sometimes used for; so I must tell you that in the southern part of Africa, the natives use them for sledges."

"O, papa!" exclaimed the children laughing. "Is that really so?"

"Certainly; an elephant's ear is often over five feet long and four feet wide; and when dried, it makes a strong sleigh for carrying people over the snow."

The Elephant.

PART II.

"Papa," said Kate, "I was very much surprised to see the elephants run the other day, when the band played lively music. They are so big and clumsy, one would think they could not run at all. But they ran quite fast, and did not seem to mind it."

"O, yes," replied Mr. Blanford; "elephants can run as easily and almost as fast as horses, and are much more sure-footed in going up and down mountains. This is why they are so useful in India; people ride on their backs in places where horses could not stand."

"How can such big creatures get over mountains?" asked Kate. "I should think the people on their backs would be dreadfully frightened."

"When the elephant comes to a very steep place, in descending he throws his hind legs back, and his fore legs he flings forward. This brings his chest on the ground; and he crawls down, making big holes in the dirt with his fore feet, into which he drags his hind feet to keep himself from slipping."

"I read the other day," said Fred, "that they used to make elephants go to war,

and carry heaps of baggage over the mountains. I did not see before how the great creatures could do it. Now I understand."

"The elephants of India are trained to do other kinds of work. They are so gentle and intelligent, that they are easily taught to pile wood and to build walls. They wind their trunks around big stones, which they lay, one at a time, on a wall, until it is finished.

"I once read a story of a very knowing elephant. His work was to build a wall, which he did under the care of an overseer.

"When he had laid one row of stones, he made a signal to the overseer, who came and looked at his work, to see if it was well done.

"If the overseer found it was all right, he would speak kindly to the elephant and tell him to go on and lay another row.

"One day the elephant backed up against the wall, and would not stir for a long time, although he was coaxed and scolded. But after awhile, finding that the overseer insisted on seeing that part of his work, he moved aside, and there was a bad place in the wall.

"The elephant saw that he had been found out; so without another word from

the overseer, he went to work and pulled down his last row of stones, and built them up again."

"The cunning creature!" said Kate, "who would have thought an elephant could be so sly as that! Don't you know another story, papa?"

"Yes; I have heard of an elephant who would keep the flies off the baby when asleep, by moving his trunk over it like a fan; and if the baby woke, he would rock its cradle and get it to sleep again."

"What a queer nurse!" said Fred. "I had no idea that elephants were so useful. Can you tell us something else?"

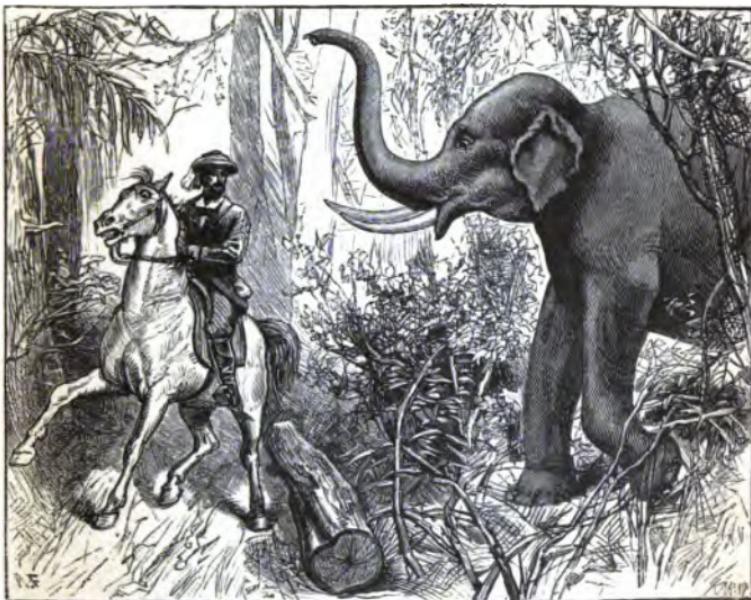
"One more story, and that is all I can tell you at present, as I am going away to-morrow, to be gone several weeks.

"A traveler riding on horseback through the woods of Asia, heard a strange noise. His horse was much frightened, but he pressed on until he came to a large elephant that was carrying a heavy log on his tusks. This is another thing elephants are trained to do—carry timber.

"The path was narrow, and the log was so long that the elephant had to turn his head to one side and carry the log endwise.

"It was hard work; and the elephant showed that he thought so, by his queer grunt, sounding like 'Umph, umph!'

"On seeing the man, the elephant dropped the log and forced himself backwards into the brushwood, so as to leave a clear passage.



"The horse was afraid to go by; so the elephant wedged himself still farther into the woods, and again said; 'Umph, umph!'—but this time in a kind voice, as if he wanted to say to the horse; 'Go on. Don't be afraid; I will not hurt you!'

"After awhile the horse passed by; and then the elephant took up the log again, and went on saying, 'Umph, umph!'"

"Thank you, papa," said Kate, "for telling us such nice stories. I hope we shall go to another menagerie some time! I should be more interested than ever in watching the animals."

"So should I!" "and I!" shouted Archie and Fred.

Archie's Eighth Letter.

Dear Kate:

The squirrel is getting quite friendly with me. The second time I saw him he was just over my head; and how he did chatter! Perhaps he was trying to say, "Little boy, I have the first right here, for my nest is not far off."

I threw two or three kernels of corn on the ground quite near him. He picked them up. Then he ran up the trunk of the tree, and so near me that I felt his little bushy tail brush my neck. Soon,—what do you think?—he ran down the tree again and jumped on my shoulder before he sprang to the ground.. He was asking for more corn, I think. Mamma called me then.

The rule for to-day is:—"When you repeat what another says, begin with a capital." This is what made me begin, "Little boy" (or what the squirrel said) with a capital. Write soon, and tell me if you saw the squirrel.

Archie.

Run, Little Rivulet, Run!

hymn	riv u let	wa ter fall
fair ly	hare bell	moun tain
a drift'	del i cate	moon beam

Run, little rivulet, run !
 Summer is fairly begun ;
 Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
 And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines,—
 Run, little rivulet, run !

Run, little rivulet, run !
 Sing of the flowers, every one ;
 Of the delicate harebell, and violet blue,
 Of the red mountain rosebud all dripping with dew,—
 Run, little rivulet, run !

Run, little rivulet, run !
 Carry the perfume you won
 From the lily, that woke when the morning was gray,
 To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay,—
 Run, little rivulet, run !

Run, little rivulet, run !
 Stay not till summer is done,
 Carry to city the mountain-bird's glee,
 Carry the joy of the hills to the sea,—
 Run, little rivulet, run !

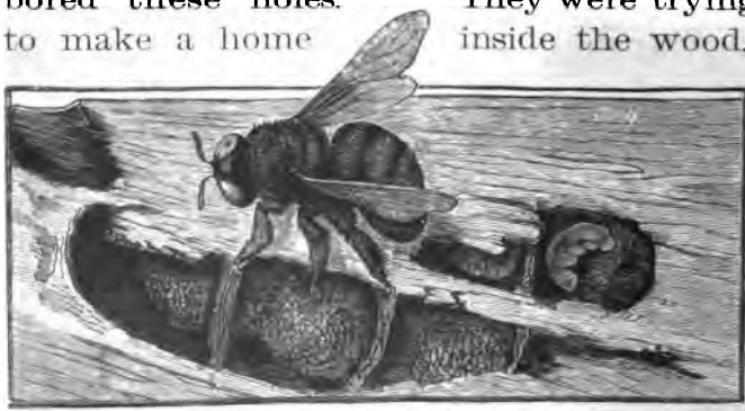


The Boring Bee.

fought	peb bles	car pen try
feel ers	an ten'nae	pos ses'sion
rail ing	treat ment	dis cour'aged

Stepping out on the porch one morning, I found little heaps of sawdust under the railing which runs around it. There were several small holes in the railing, which looked as if some little boy had taken his papa's gimlet, and tried his skill at carpentry.

I went nearer, and heard a loud buzzing sound. Soon a big bee flew out, and then another. I had the secret: the bees had bored these holes. They were trying to make a home inside the wood.



The holes were only the entrances to this queer home; and if I had not discovered the bees, they would have bored many tiny chambers in which to lay their eggs.

I was very sorry to disturb all these busy little workers; but if I had allowed

them to stay, they would probably have brought more of their bee friends, and have wanted the house to live in also.

So I was forced to show them that they were not welcome; and I made little balls of clay, and stopped up the holes. This, of course, made the bees very angry.

They pulled out the clay, and I next filled the holes with small pebbles. This discouraged them so much that, after talking the matter over together in bee fashion, they flew away, never to return to a place where they were so unkindly treated.

Do you wonder when I say the bees talked over my unkind treatment of them? Of course they cannot talk as we do. But I am sure all creatures have some way of telling each other their troubles.

It is said that common bees talk by means of their feelers,—those delicate little things on their head, called *antennæ* by learned people. So I suppose the wild boring bee talks in the same way.

We have only to look carefully about us to see all sorts of curious things. Nearly every leaf and twig is the home of some little creature; and everything in nature is worth stopping to look at, and to learn from, as a part of God's wonderful world.

The Fairies.

PART I.

thumb	crook ed	dew-drops
bee tles	car riage	drag on-fly
pa tient	pitch ers	mes sen ger
stitch es	head ache	hand ker chief

Daisy was learning to sew. She sat in her own little chair not far from her mother, and so near the low window that she could look right into the bird's nest in the maple-tree close by the house.

She was trying to hem a handkerchief for herself; but she was not trying very hard, for after taking a few crooked stitches that looked as if they were running away from the hem as fast as they could, she dropped her work on her lap.

Resting one little arm on the window seat, she began to watch the birds, Tom and Tilly, at work upon their nest. They were lining it with the fluffy little feathers which the old white hen dropped in the yard below.

"Tilly does n't have any handkerchiefs," said Daisy to herself, "she has n't any pocket for them under her feathers. She might tuck one under her wing, but it would drop out as soon as she began to fly, and she would lose them oftener than I do."

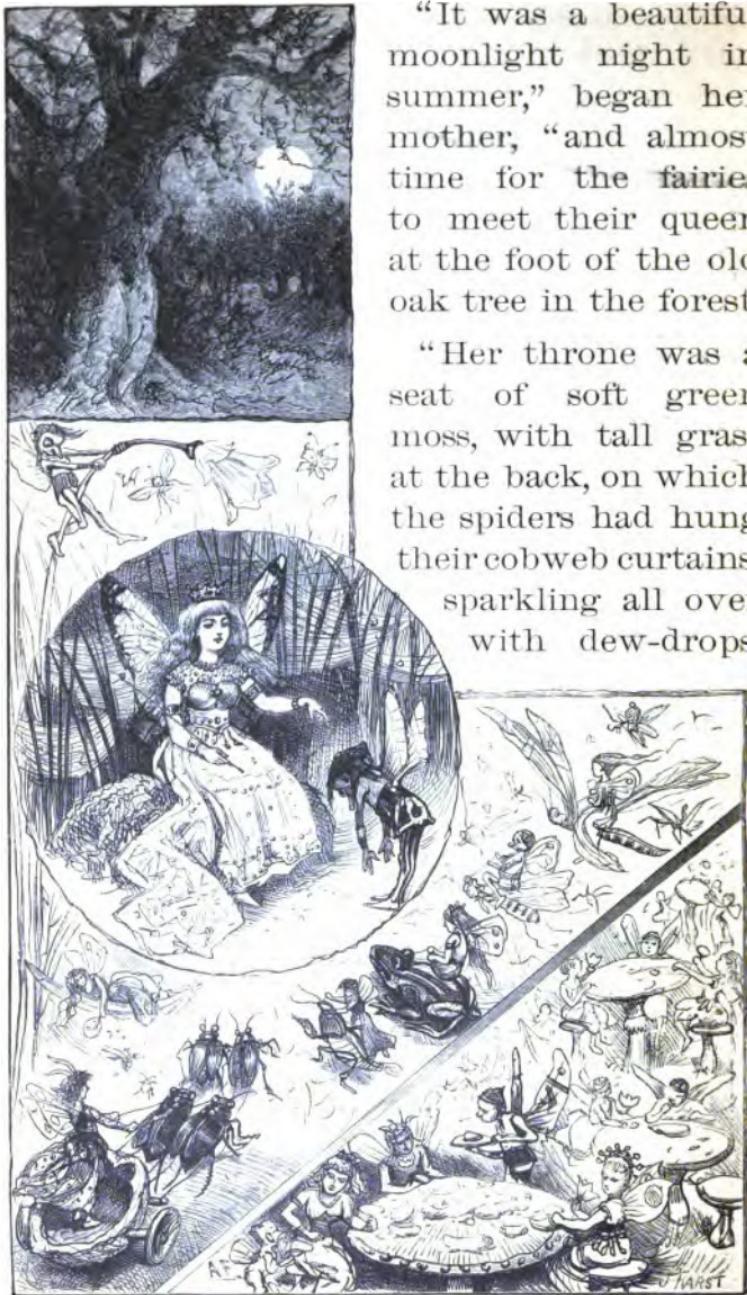
Then Daisy's thoughts came back to her work lying in her lap, and she took a few more stitches; but they seemed to grow more and more crooked, and at last she laid it down, saying aloud, "Oh, dear! I wish the fairies would hem my handkerchief for me!"

"Let us see if we can find some fairies that will do it for my little girl," said her mother, smiling.

"Oh, mamma, how can you? There are no real fairies; but if there were any, how do you suppose they would look? How large would they be? Tell me a story about the fairies, mamma, will you please?" And Daisy drew up her little chair close in front of her mother, with her eyes wide open.

"The fairies in my story," said her mother, "are so small that if you hold out the palm of your hand with the thumb lying on it, as many as three little fairies could play that the thumb was their sofa, and rest their feet on the soft pink cushions below. How still you would hold your hand so as not to shake them off!"

"Would n't I!" said Daisy,—"so still that they could dance all about and have it for their little room. But do tell me more about the dear little fairies, mamma."



"It was a beautiful moonlight night in summer," began her mother, "and almost time for the **fairies** to meet their queen at the foot of the old oak tree in the forest.

"Her throne was a seat of soft green moss, with tall grass at the back, on which the spiders had hung their cobweb curtains, sparkling all over, with dew-drops.

"The fairies were coming as fast as they could,—some in carriages of walnut-shells, with beetles for horses, some hoppity-hop on the backs of toads, and those who liked faster horses, flew through the air on beautiful big dragon-flies.

"Very soon came the queen of the fairies, in a pea-pod carriage, lined with the silky down of the milkweed, drawn by four silver moths, and in front, a band of fireflies to light her way through the shady places.

"She took her seat on her throne, and sent a messenger to call the fairies together. He climbed to the top of a blue-bell stem and swung back and forth till, far and near, they all heard the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the fairy bells, and took their seats on the green moss at the feet of their queen.

"Then she asked them to tell her what kind things they had done since they met the night before.

"Said one, 'I watched by a little sick girl as she tossed about on her bed. I fanned her with my gauzy wings and whispered in her ear a story of my home in the woods, till she dreamed a happy dream of the fairies and smiled in her sleep.'

“Another said, ‘I met a little boy crying by the roadside. He had a sharp stone in his shoe, and the string was in a tight knot. He tried very hard to untie it, but could not do so; and at every step the stone hurt his foot. I put my fingers in where his were too large to go, and loosened the knot, so that, when he tried again it untied; and I brushed the tears from his eyes.’

“‘And,’ said another, ‘I stood by the dear old grandmother at her knitting, and polished her glasses with the down on my silver coat; and when she dropped a stitch I caught it, and helped her needle through.’

“Another said, ‘I flew into a pleasant school-room, where ever so many little children were as busy as bees; and I helped all that were trying to do their best.

“‘Sometimes when a sum did not come right, I whispered ‘Be very patient and try once more;’ and I waited till I saw the sum finished, and heard the children say ‘I am glad I did n’t give it up!’

“‘When they left their work and played their merry games, I stood with them in the ring; and to those who were forgetting, I whispered, ‘Be gentle, be good to one another, and make all as happy as you can;’ and then their faces grew sweet and sunny.

The Fairies.

PART II.

"So the fairies told, one by one, of the loving things they had done to help the sick and the poor, and all who were trying to do their best.

"Their queen looked very happy as she told them how glad she was that they had been able to help so many.

"Then she came down from her throne, and they all sat round the toad-stool tables, where the bees had been getting their supper ready, and very hungry little fairies they were, after all the work they had done.

"There were rose-leaf plates for every one, and moss-cups filled with the dew. There were nuts which the squirrels had cracked for them, and fresh honey the bees had brought, and the juice of the purple grapes which was held in a buttercup bowl.

"They had goblets from the red clover blossoms, and pitchers of scarlet columbine, filled with the honey that fairies delight in, and a great many other good things.

"After that they played their fairy games, hiding in flowers, swinging in cobweb hammocks, and dancing all over the grass.

"When they heard the blue-bells ringing again, they knew that it was time to bid

one another good-by and go home, so away they all scattered on beetles, and moths, and dragon-flies."

Daisy drew a long breath and said:—"Oh, is that all? Thank you, mamma; how I do wish there really were fairies. Would n't they be dear little things to play with?"

"Yes," answered her mother, "it is very pleasant to make believe that there are these tiny people who live with the birds and butterflies, and yet can talk and work and play as we do. But what would you think, my Daisy, if I should tell you that you have ten real fairies with you all the time, who do whatever you tell them to do; and you are their fairy queen?"

"What do you mean, mamma; where are they? I never saw them in my life," and Daisy looked up as if she expected to see them flying about in the air.

"Oh, they are nearer to you than that," said her mother, taking one little fat hand in hers and gently pinching the tiniest finger of all. "Where can you find a better fairy than this? Look at its velvety dress of pink and white, and feel its delicate bones and joints."

"My fingers, mamma, my own ten little fingers! How funny to call them fairies!"

"They can do as wonderful things as any that the other fairies did," said her mother. "Send them out every morning with clean, fresh faces to do **whatever** helpful and **pleasant things** they can find to do, and at night ask them what they have been busy about all day. Try it, my little daughter, and see what the fairies will do for their fairy queen."

Daisy looked up with a happy smile, and took up her handkerchief that had fallen upon the floor.

"Fairies," she said, "come here, I have some work for you to do. These crooked stitches must be all picked out, and then, you tall and strong little fairy, put on your silver hat and push my needle in very straight, and be careful not to hurt your little sisters."

So she worked and chatted away with her fairy helpers, until her mother lay down upon the lounge to try if a nap would cure her headache.

In a few minutes, she felt a soft touch on her cheek, and a little voice whispered, "I have sent my fairies to bathe your head and smooth away the pain. Do you think they can do it, mamma?"

"No one can do it so well, my fairy queen."



The Violets and the Sunbeams.

glade	kissed	gal lant
turned	blush ing	vi o lets

Did you know the violets
 Were weeping in the shade,
 When the bright-eyed morning
 Came blushing down the glade?
 O, the pretty violets,
 Bowed with dewy showers,
 And sweet as if a bird's song
 Had been turned to flowers!

Did you know the sunbeams
 Came creeping, creeping near,
 And, when they saw the darlings,
 Whispered: "We are here?"
 O, the gallant sunbeams!—
 How very kind were they,—
 Stole on tiptoe, softly,
 And kissed their tears away!

Charlie's Dream.

sea	seized	parrots	gurgling
gills	shoals	monkey	lime stone
sieve	shaved	trickling	shrink ing
shells	soaring	plunging	chat ter ing

Charlie fell asleep, and had a strange dream. He thought he was a drop of water, and that he was lying in the dark and cold at the bottom of the sea. All around lay, O, so many thousands of tiny shells!

By and by other drops glided beneath, and pushed him upward. After awhile he had light enough to see shoals of little fishes darting to and fro. Now and then a large fish dashed in among the shoal, and seized and swallowed, first one, then another. So he rose slowly upward.

At last he lay afloat on the top. What joy to dance on the waves,—to bask in the sunshine,—to watch the wild sea-birds!

Once a gull, plunging after a fish, brushed him roughly aside. Then a passing ship tossed him in spray. Then a great whale coming up to the top, drew him through his whalebone sieve.

As the sun rose higher, he began to feel very warm. Then came a puff of wind, and he was wafted out of the sea into the air.

It seemed very strange to be swelling out, and mounting so high into the sky. Below him on every side lay water sparkling in the sun; nothing but water, water everywhere.

As he rose higher and higher, he grew colder and colder. At last he seemed to be so cold that he could hardly feel at all; but he knew that he was shrinking up, and that it was growing dark all around him.

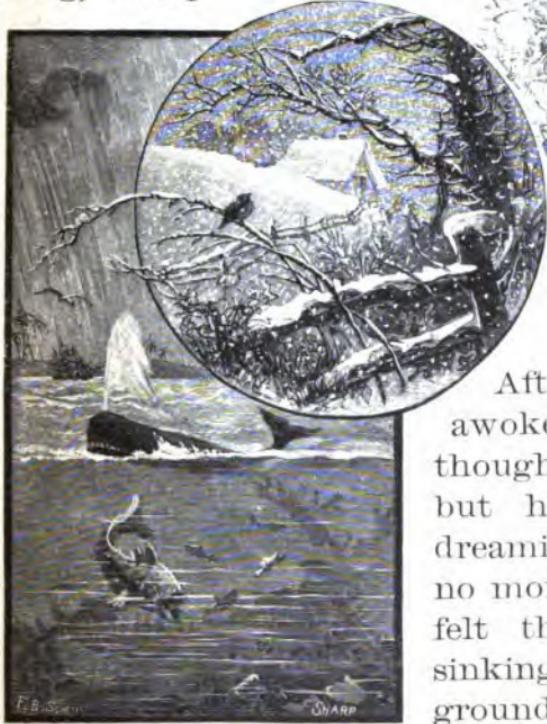
Then he saw a great flash of light, and heard a loud, sharp crack. After this came a rushing and hissing noise, and he was aware that he was tumbling quickly down. As he tumbled along with many other drops of rain, he saw that he was falling on a forest of palms and other great trees. Patter, patter on the broad leaves fell the drops.

Some of them found their way downward from leaf to leaf, from bough to bough, past gay birds, screaming parrots, and chattering monkeys, until they reached the ground. Others hung in the hollow leaves.

The storm was now over. Out came the sun. The drops on the leaves were dried up again. Charlie was now once more rising into the upper air, and floating along as before, now over land, and now over sea.

Again he became very cold, and saw that it was growing darker and darker. Then he knew that he was slowly and gently falling down.

All was now very still. When it grew lighter, he saw fluffy flakes of snow softly gliding down with him to the ground. Everything below was white. In that downy bed he lay snug, asleep.



After a time he awoke,—that is, he thought he awoke, but he was still dreaming. He saw no more snow, but felt that he was sinking into the ground.

"Dear me! how dark it is!" thought he.
"How glad I am not to be left alone, but
to have other drops with me!"

First he glided among tiny grass roots,
through black soil. Now he was trickling
over and under great tree roots. Now he
was rubbing against fine sharp sand, then
gliding over round stones. Then he sank
between the rocks, until at last came a
sudden darkness and a great shock. He felt
that he was falling, O, so fast, and then he
felt no more.

When he came to himself again, he was
lying quite still in a deep, dark well. Then
he heard a gurgling noise, and felt a sharp
pull, as though some one had seized and
were dragging him quickly upward.

Up he was drawn, till at length he heard
his sister Mary's merry laugh. Tumbling
out of an iron spout, he saw her cheery
face as she worked the pump-handle.

"Little she knows," thought he, "that she
has just pumped up her darling brother!
But, O, dear! I hope she will not pour
me into the kettle and boil me!"

So thinking, Charlie awoke. How glad
he was to see his dear sister bending over
his pillow, and telling him it was time to
get up!

Nutting.

thrash re treat' state ly un cer'tain
 boughs ad vance' hol i day hand som est

Come Robert and Harry, come Lily and May!
 October is here and our glad holiday.
 With every breath of the keen frosty breeze,
 Brown chestnuts are dropping from all the high trees.

Come here with your bags and your big baskets, quick!
 And Harry's new jack-knife shall cut a long stick.
 Then Robert shall climb the old chestnut tree tall,
 And thrash the big boughs till the ripe chestnuts fall,—

So shiny and smooth, and so plump and so brown,
 The handsomest chestnuts that ever fell down;
 Though stately and proud the old nut tree has stood,
 A hundred long years—the King of the Wood.

You dear little squirrel, you look very wise,
 With long bushy tail and bright shiny black eyes.
 Pray, sir, do you fancy you own this great tree?
 It's quite a mistake, sir, between you and me.

How cunning you look with your shy, sidelong glance,
 Uncertain if best to retreat or advance!
 A nut in your paws, and a nut in each cheek,
 Your thick bushy tail, and your back smooth and sleek!

We don't mean to rob you, dear, not in the least;
 But we, too, love chestnuts and long for a feast.
 We know you must gather your snug winter store,
 But after we go, you will find plenty more.

Archie's Ninth Letter.

Dear Kate:

We are not through with rules after all. Mother says we must write something in each letter about stops in writing, or punctuation.

"What is the use of punctuation?" I said to mother. She did not answer me; but she took my slate and wrote me a note of twelve lines without any stops; and, really, I could not understand it at all. I had to ask mother to put some stops in it; and then I found out that she is going to New York next week, and will take me with her.

I wish you were going, too. I shall write to you very often, and you must write to me and tell me how the squirrel is getting along. What shall I bring you for a present? You can name a number of things that you would like, and I will see how my money lasts. Of course, I must bring something for Fred, too. Which do you think he would like,—a book or a pair of skates? Mother says his old skates are good enough for this winter; but I heard him wish he had a new pair.

This is the rule for to-day: "Every question should be followed by a question-mark;" as, "Was not George Washington always faithful as a scholar?"

Good-by,

Archie.



Dreaming and Doing.

suit	cal i co	ac cept'ed
of fer	rag ged'	stretch ing
earned	health y	eye-serv ant
clothes	a shamed'	straw ber ries

"I wish I did not have to wear ragged clothes, and go without shoes!" thought Walter Burns, as he lay on the dry turf, one bright Summer afternoon, with the string of his hat in his mouth. "If I had a thousand dollars, I know what I would do: I would buy my mother a new dress, and I would not let her work so hard."

As Walter lay dreaming of what he would do if he only had a thousand dollars, he saw a little bird fly to her nest, and give

food to her four little ones who were stretching their bills wide open, and all as hungry as they could be.

"Now, ought I not to be ashamed of myself?" said he. "Here is this little bird: she does not sit dreaming, and wishing she had some food to give to her children. No: she goes and gets it."

"Here am I, a large healthy boy, able to work, and able to help my mother; but I have been lying the better part of this fine day on the ground, dreaming dreams, and watching the clouds, or looking up at the trees, as if I hoped food and money would drop from them."

"For shame, Master Walter! If you can't do any thing better, go and pick strawberries at a quarter of a dollar a day. You can do that,—can't you? The strawberries in Mr. Peck's garden are spoiling for want of somebody to pick them."

Walter ran off to Mr. Peck, and asked him if he did not want a boy to help him pick strawberries. "Yes," said Mr. Peck: "go to work, and I'll give you two cents for every box you fill."

Walter went to work; and, before sun-down, he had filled ten boxes, for which Mr. Peck paid him twenty cents. In four

days the little boy had earned a dollar. How proud he was to hand it to his mother!

Walter had not been at work a week, before a farmer named Carr who lived near by, and who had seen him in the field working early and late, came to him and said, "How much do you earn a day, at this, my lad?" "About thirty cents," said Walter.

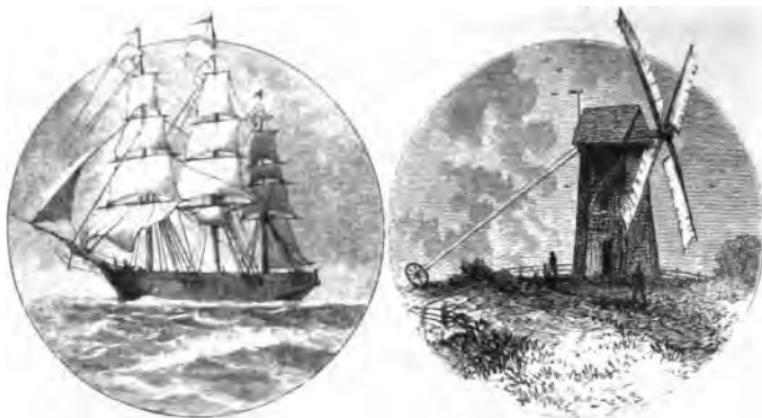
"Come and help me, and I will give you half a dollar a day," said Mr. Carr.

"No, you shall not," said Mr. Peck, who had heard it all. "Do you think it is right, Mr. Carr, to try to get my best helper away from me? Stay and work in my garden, Walter, and you shall have sixty cents a day."

Walter had no wish to leave Mr. Peck: so he accepted his offer.

"This is better than lying in the sun," thought Walter, as he took his three dollars and sixty cents home to his mother, every Saturday night. Soon, she was able to buy a new dress for herself, and to hire a little girl to help her do the house-work.

"Doing is better than dreaming, mother, isn't it?" said Walter, as he saw his mother in her nice new dress. "Yes, my boy," said Mrs. Burns, "let people see that you are willing to work, and you will always find plenty to do."



A Talk about the Wind.

foe	caus es	howl ing	twirl ing
pil lar	breathe	whirl ing	chim neys
ceas es	drought	moan ing	south ward

"I have read somewhere," said Charlie to his father, one day, "of a great cave in which all the winds are locked up. When the keeper of the cave opens one door, a north wind rushes out. A door facing that, lets out a south wind. Another door lets out an east wind. Facing that, is a door for the west wind. Between these four doors are others for other winds."

"Sometimes the keeper opens three or four doors at once. Then the winds tear and whirl along, knock over chimneys, wreck ships, fell trees, and do much other harm. I enjoyed reading about that den of winds; but is it true?"

"It is a pretty story," said his father, "but I did not think any one would ever believe it to be true. Now suppose you and I stand some yards apart, and then run to meet each other. As we pass, let each catch the other's right arm. Very good! now each is twirling the other round. That is what happens when two winds meet. Each takes the other by the arm, as it were, and both go whirling round and round, as you and I do."

"There! look down the road. Two tiny gusts of air have just met, and caught up the dust between them; now they are whirling it round on the ground.

"I have seen the water of the sea twisted round just like that, and other water reaching down from the clouds to meet it. Then a pillar of water is borne along on the top of the sea like a great tree. They call that a waterspout. Sometimes it breaks on a ship, and fills it with water.

"Sometimes on sandy plains, pillars of sand are thus borne along, and bury all the men and beasts they meet."

"Yet you can't see the wind," said Charlie. "You can only feel it when it fans your cheek or lifts your hair."

"That is true," said his father, "notwithstanding it often does so much harm. Merely to feel air, you would think it even

weaker than water. You know, of course, that wind is only air in motion."

"Then air is a useful friend," said Charlie, "for wind works our mill. Wind drives great ships over the sea. When clothes are hung out to dry, wind dries them quickly. When roads are muddy after rain, wind soon dries them.

"But why does air move? When I hear it howling and moaning at night, as I lie awake, I always think the wind must be very unhappy. Why does it not stay at rest?"

"Rest, my boy, always reminds me of rust," replied his father. "Work will keep us right, when rest would make us good for nothing. So it is with air; it must move on and do its work.

"Do you want to know what makes wind move? You may learn from what you already know. Even where there is no wind, you may hear a moaning through the keyhole in the evening, as you sit by the warm fireside.

"If you open the door, the sound ceases. So, too, if the fire goes out, and the room becomes cold, you no longer hear a moaning through the keyhole. Now, do you see why?"

"I should say," replied Charlie, "that the outside air wants to warm itself at the fire.

But when the fire goes out, of course the air does not care to come in."

"You are a droll boy!" said his father. Which is warmer, the air in a room with a fire, or the air outside?"

"The air in the room, of course," replied Charlie. "Ah, now I see what you mean; the colder air rushes in to the warmer. But why does it?"

"When air is warmed, it expands, becomes lighter, and is forced upward by the colder and heavier air around it.

"A few weeks ago I bought you a red balloon. Do you remember that when you held it near the fire, it swelled out, and became larger and tighter, until it burst?

"When the sun shines, it warms the ground. The air above that ground also becomes warmer and lighter, and is pushed upward by colder air flowing from where the sun is not shining. You know that after sunset, when it becomes dark, it also becomes colder.

"Just as the air is always coming through the keyhole into a room warmed by fire, so a breeze, coming from cooler regions, is always moving to places where the air is warmed. Change from heat to cold, then, makes air move—that is, causes wind.

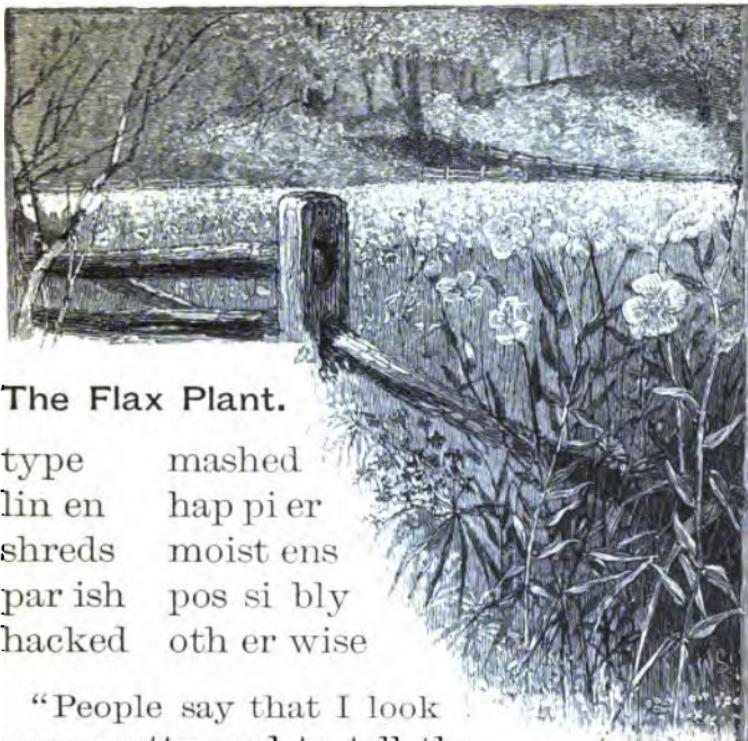
"When air takes up much dampness it also becomes lighter than dry air. So both dampness and drought cause wind. If air did not move freely, we could not live. We must have fresh air for every breath. Air once breathed is unfit to breathe again."

While Charlie and his father were talking about wind, they were walking up the hill behind the cottage. On reaching the top, they sat down to rest awhile. The wind blew softly in their faces.

Overhead, clouds were scudding quickly along, but moving in a different direction from the wind which fanned their cheeks. Seeing this, the little boy touched his father's arm, and pointed upward.

"I am glad you notice that," said his father; "the upper and the lower air do not always move the same way at the same time. Those clouds are not more than two miles above our heads. Yet they are moving southward; while here, as you feel, the wind is from the south. Up there, of course, the wind is blowing from the north."

"I have sometimes seen two sets of clouds, moving in exactly opposite directions. I have seen clouds, six miles high or more, quite still in the sky; while others below were moving swiftly."



The Flax Plant.

type	mashed
lin en	hap pi er
shreds	moist ens
par ish	pos si bly
hacked	oth er wise

"People say that I look very pretty, and to tell the truth, I think so myself," said the flax plant.

I am sure that I am very happy. How can I be otherwise, when the bright sun shines on me, the soft rain moistens me, and the cooling breeze gently fans my flowers? Indeed, I am happier than I can tell."

Not long after this, people came and pulled the flax up by the roots, and threw it into a pool of water. Then it was bruised, and broken, and barked, and at last put on a spinning-wheel. All this ended in its being made into a piece of snow-white linen.

"Well, this is charming!" said the flax. "I believe that I am the finest piece of linen in the parish. No one can possibly be happier than I am."

Years passed away, and the linen became so worn and torn by constant use that it could hold together no longer; so it was rent into shreds, and hacked, and mashed, and boiled, and pressed between heavy rollers, and then became a sheet of fine white paper.

Beautiful stories were written on it, and sweet poems about birds and flowers.

"This is a surprise!" said the paper. "Each time I change, it is for the better. I wonder what will happen to me next!"

In a short time the paper was sent to the printer, and all the beautiful stories were set up in type to make a book, nay, thousands of books, and the paper was then laid aside.

"It is good to rest after labor," said the paper, as it lay for a long time unnoticed in a dusty corner.

At last it was brought out and burned; and as the flames rose high into the air, a voice from within them said: "Now I am in a fair way to rise to the sun!" And this is the last that was heard of the happy, contented flax.

Archie's Tenth Letter.

Dear Kate:

Here I am in the city of New York. It is a very noisy place. Most of the streets are full of carriages; and the horse-cars and steam-cars are not far from the house where we are staying. The steam-car tracks are built up high, over the streets, so that you can look right into people's windows as you ride along.

We went to Central Park, yesterday. It is a lovely place, full of pretty trees and little lakes. I think, though, the groves are not half as pretty as the one behind our house. They are kept so very nice, that a beetle would hardly dare crawl there.

I have not forgotten your present. Every time I go down Broadway, I look into the stores to see what there is that is pretty. If I had ten dollars I should know very well what to buy; for I have seen something which I know you would like.

Have you been nutting since I came away? If so, tell me where you went and how many nuts you brought home, and what you are going to do with them.

I must stop writing or I shall not have room for the rule: Every complete sentence should be followed by a period; as, "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

Write soon to

Archie.

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The Spider's Web.

tubes	rain y	cur rant	stretched
thread	cen ter	watched	break ing
stick y	wov en	hard ens	spin ner ets
weaves	spi ders	walk ing	as ton'ished

"Aunt Lizzie, is it going to rain?"

"I do not know, Jamie; the clouds look like rain,—but we will go out into the garden and ask the spiders."

"The spiders! What do they know about the weather? They cannot speak," said Jamie, looking very much astonished.

"Ah, they know a great deal, those little brown people that spin traps to catch flies in. Come with me, and we will soon know whether sunshine or rain is coming."

Out in the garden, on a currant bush, there lived a busy brown spider; and when Aunt Lizzie and Jamie stopped by the side of the bush, the spider was walking to and fro, carrying a fine silken thread.

"This must be a female spider," said Aunt Lizzie; "male spiders do not make webs."

"See! she is trying to mend a large rent, made, perhaps, by some little boy's hoop-stick. It is not going to rain, or she would not mend her house."

"Why, Aunt Lizzie!" said Jamie, again looking surprised; "she has n't any house. That is a web, made of sticky threads."

"Yes, Jamie, that net is her house. Perhaps she has another place for a home, where she lays her eggs; but this is the house where she stays to catch the silly little moths or flies that dance in the sunshine, around the currant bush."

"But why do you think the spider would not mend her house if it were going to rain?"

"Spiders are very wise little creatures, and they would not take the trouble to mend a great hole like this, if a storm were coming. They would curl themselves up under a leaf, and wait for the rain to be over."

"How very fine this web is!" exclaimed Jamie. "I could easily spoil it with my little finger. We could not make any thing so pretty and delicate,—how can the spider do it?"

"Just at the end of the spider's body are three pairs of spinnerets. I suppose they are so called because the little spinner weaves her webs by means of them. On the tips and lower sides of these spinnerets are many very small tubes; and out of these tubes the spider draws her silk."

"Real silk, Aunt Lizzie, like the silk on the spools in your work-basket?"

"No, spider's silk is only a white, sticky fluid, that hardens when it is brought into the air; and then it seems more like silk than any thing else."

"When a spider is going to spin her web, she looks about to find a branch full of twigs that are near each other.

"To one of these twigs she fastens the silk which she has drawn from the tubes; then she lets herself drop to the opposite twig, drawing her silk after her.

"To and fro the spider goes, carrying the thread with her; and she carefully fastens it to the twigs, until the frame-work of the web is finished."

"It is very interesting to learn about the spiders," said Jamie, drawing a long breath.

"After the spider has finished the frame-work, away she runs up a line of silk until she reaches the very center of the long thread, which is to be the middle of the net. Then she begins spinning again, but this time she weaves silken threads over and under those already stretched.

"Round and round the spider goes, until nearly the whole frame-work is covered, and then she breaks her thread. The spider's house—her trap for catching the foolish little flies—is finished.

"The spider knows whether rain or pleasant weather is coming; and if you find she does not take pains to weave her net-work to the very end of the long threads which were fastened first of all, you may expect sunshine.

"But when a web is made in rainy or in windy weather, the wise brown spider weaves her net to the end of the frame-work, that it may be strong enough to keep from breaking.

"I will tell you a story about a spider, Jamie. One stormy day I was out in the garden, and I saw a spider's web on this very currant bush. The wind had been

blowing hard for a long time; and some of the frame-work at the bottom of the web had been blown away.

"The wind was still blowing, and the spider could not mend her net. So, what do you think she had done?"

"I don't know," said Jamie.

"She had fastened some bits of wood to the long threads, to hold them in place; and these bits of wood were just heavy enough to keep down the ends of the net, yet not heavy enough to tear it."

"But how could the spider put the wood there?" asked Jamie. "I think somebody must have helped her."

"No, I am very sure the spider did it alone, because I took away the bits of wood, just to see what she would do; and in a very little while, when I went back to look at the net, there were more bits of wood fastened to the ends of it."

"Does God teach the spiders how to build their houses?"

"Yes, dear, and how great and good is our Heavenly Father, to teach these little creatures how and where to spin their nets, and when they must wait for pleasant weather."



The Robin's Song.

guess	dipped	tee to'tal
twit ter	brushed	tem per ance

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
 Who sang in the apple tree over the way,
 What it was he was singing so sweetly about,
 For I'd tried a long while, and could not find out.

'Why, I'm sure," he replied, "you cannot guess wrong:
 Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?
 'Teetotal!' oh, that's the first word of my lay!
 And, then, don't you see how I twitter away?

"Tis because I have just dipped my beak in the spring,
 And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing;
 Cold water! cold water! yes, that is my song,
 And I love to keep singing it all the day long!"

A Lesson About Birds.

PART I.

i de'a	e las'tic	purl ing
af fair'	ca na'ry	chirp ing
dol lars	paint ed	thought less
eu ri ous	trem bles	dan de li ons

One bright morning, when the yellow dandelions were shining like so many gold dollars in the green grass, and the brooks were chattering and purling to each other, a boy, whom we will call Henry, suddenly remembered that the school term was over, and that the first day of his vacation had come.

“What shall I do all day long?” said he to himself. After a while, he thought he would take a basket, and go into a neighboring field, and gather some dandelions and violets for his mamma.

Over the fence he went, and wandered far off into the field; and there he met two larger boys, whose names were William Drake and Charles Jones.

“Hollo!” said one of the boys to him; “come with us—we are going to have some fun. We have our pockets full of stones, and we are going to kill birds with them; it is the best fun in the world!”

Now, Henry was a thoughtless little fellow; and when another boy asked him to do a thing, he often did it, without stopping to think whether it was right or not. So he filled his pockets with stones, and began running and shouting with the other boys.

"Hurra! there's a chipping-bird," said one; "I'll hit him." "Look at that robin!" said another: "throw a stone at him. Oh, there's a blue-bird! Now for him!"

Henry's mother had been sitting at her window watching them; and she now stood up, and called, "Henry, come up here; I have something to show you!"

The two other boys ran off, and Henry went up into his mother's room, all panting and hot, saying, "Mamma, what do you want to show me?"

She first washed his heated face and hands, and then took from a drawer a small black box, which she wound up with a key like a watch-key. As soon as the box was set down, it began to play a beautiful tune, and Henry was astonished and delighted.

"What a curious box!" said he. "Who could have made it?"

"I do not know," said his mother; "but why do you think it is curious?"

"Why, it is curious to see a musical instrument shut up in such a little box. I could carry this in my pocket. I wish it were mine; I would set it going, and put it in my pocket some day; and then would n't I make the boys stare!"

"But," said his mother, "if you think it strange to see a musical instrument put in a little box, what would you think if I should tell you of one which was put in a bird's throat?"

"In a bird's throat!" said Henry; "who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Well," answered his mother, "there is a boy in this room who has been listening this morning to a little instrument which is inside a bird's throat, and which can make sweeter music than this box, and yet he did not seem to wonder at it.

Henry looked thoughtfully at his mother.

"When you went into the fields, did you not hear robins and blue-birds playing on little instruments in their throats, and making all sorts of sweet sounds? Look now at Cherry, your little canary-bird hanging in the window; and see, when he sings, how his throat trembles."

"Oh, I know what you mean now," said Henry, "you mean my little canary-bird is

like a music box. Well, but what sort of an instrument has he in his throat? I am sure I don't know."

"Why he has a little fine soft flute, on which he can play many notes."

"A flute in his throat!" said Henry, laughing. "What a funny idea!"

"It is even so," said his mother. "The little pipe through which the canary-bird sings is more curiously formed than any flute. It fits into his throat so easily as never to interrupt his eating or breathing; and it turns whichever way he bends his head. Now, did you ever hear of any musical instrument that was as curious as this?"

"Well, it is strange," said Henry. "I might have heard a bird sing for a month, and never have thought of all this; but now I do think of it, it seems very curious. But, mother, what is this little flute made of?"

"It is made of little elastic rings."

"Elastic! What is that?" said Henry.

"Why, like India-rubber, springy, and easily bent; and, being so made, he can turn and bend his throat without any trouble, which he could not do if it were a straight stiff pipe like a flute."

A Lesson About Birds.

PART II.

nerves	en a'ble	guard ed
el bow	mus cles	suf fer ing
spi nal	mar row	dis solv'ing
ten don	mo tions	· beau ti ful ly
mer cies	Cre a'tor	con triv'an ces

“Well, mamma,” said Henry, “you have convinced me that there is a great deal more to be learned about little birds than I ever supposed.”

“But, Henry, I have not yet told you half. Every bone in a bird’s body is so carefully made and finished, and his joints are so curiously contrived, that the little fellow can hop, and spring, and turn, all day long, and yet nothing grates or gets out of order.

“Then he has contrivances for dissolving his food, and turning it into blood, and he has blood-vessels to carry it all over his body. A bird has also nerves with which he feels, and muscles with which he moves.”

“But, mother, I don’t know what nerves and muscles are,” said Henry.

“Nerves are white cords that run through all parts of your body. When you eat, the nerves of your mouth help you to taste. The nerves of your nose enable you to

smell; the nerves of your eyes, to see; the nerves of your ears, to hear; and the nerves that go to the skin enable you to feel.

"Many of these nerves come from a large one that runs down through the middle of your backbone; and they go through your body, dividing and branching out, till they form a net-work covering the whole of it, so that you cannot put the point of a pin anywhere upon it without touching a nerve."

"And what are muscles?"

"Did you ever pull a piece of lean meat into little strings?" said his mother.

"Yes," said Henry.

"Very well, a muscle is a bundle of such little strings, and these strings generally end in a strong, tough cord, called a tendon. This muscle has the power of contracting; and when it contracts it pulls the tendon, and the tendon moves that part of the body to which it is fastened.

"I can show you some tendons in a moment. Open your hand and you will find, at the back, a tough, hard cord running down to each finger. These are tendons. Now clasp your arm with your other hand and close this hand.

Henry did so, and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, when I close my hand I feel something move up here by my elbow!"

"That is the muscle," said his mother. "You feel it drawing up short, and it pulls the tendons, and these tendons pull your fingers."

"All the motions of animals are made in this way. There are dozens and dozens of muscles, shrinking and stretching, and pulling in little Cherry's body every few moments.

"I suppose Cherry does n't think much about them," said Henry, as he watched the little fellow hopping about in his cage.

"Poor little Cherry!" said his mother; "he cannot understand how much God has done for him, and with what watchful care He has made his little body."

"No indeed!" said Henry, "if he did understand, he would love Him very much."

"That is true; but little Cherry loves us. How glad he is to see us in the morning! He shows this by his joyful singing."

Henry had a thoughtful look in his eyes, as he said,—"I am sorry that I tried to hurt the little birds to-day; I will never do so again."

Archie's Eleventh Letter.

Dear Kate:

We went to Central Park again, yesterday. This time we went to see the animals. The lions are beauties! I could n't help liking the biggest one, he looked so noble.

The tigers are not so handsome as those we saw at the menagerie. There is a large cage of monkeys and I watched them for over an hour.

Mother did not like the monkeys, so she walked in the Park while I was watching them. I saw some other strange animals that I will tell you about, when I get home.

In the letter which Fred wrote to mamma, he spoke of a jolly time you and he had at a picnic. You must tell me all about it. I hope you had warm, pleasant weather, for it is rather late in the season to stay in the woods all day. You kept warm, though, if you chose the southern side of the hill, near the brook, where the sun shines in among the trees.

This is the rule for to-day: Commas mark the shortest pauses in reading. They separate words and short phrases; as, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Your brother,

Archie.



Piccola.

faith	sel dom	pa tient	spar row
saint	dawned	par ents	pov er ty
grants	fort une	doubt ed	shiv er ing

Poor sweet Piccola! Did you hear
 What happened to Piccola, children dear?
 'T is seldom fortune such favor grants
 As fell to this little maid of France.

'Twas Christmas time, and her parents poor
 Could hardly drive the wolf from their door;
 Striving with poverty's patient pain,
 Only to live until summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! sad were they
 When dawned the morning of Christmas day;
 Their little darling no joy might stir,
 Saint Nicholas nothing would bring to her.

But Piccola did not doubt at all,
 That something beautiful must befall
 Every child upon Christmas day,
 And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith when at last she woke,
 She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;
 Such sounds of gladness filled the air
 'Twas plain Saint Nicholas had been there.

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild;
 Never was seen such a joyful child.
 "See what the good saint brought!" she cried,
 And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story who ever heard?
 There was a little shivering bird—
 A sparrow—that in at the window flew,
 Had crept into Piccola's wooden shoe!

"How good poor Piccola must have been!"
 She cried, as happy as any queen,
 While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
 And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you
 Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true;
 In the far off land of France, they say,
 Still do they live to this very day.

A Merry Christmas.

PART I.

light ed	sol diers	Christ mas
mit tens	anx ious	doubt ful ly
worst ed	or an ges	ge og'ra phy
pleas ure	ar ranged'	sur round'ed
bus tling	stock ings	mys te'ri ous

It was two or three days before Christmas, toward which the children had been looking for many weeks. Whenever mamma came home, anxious little eyes peeped slyly at the bundles she brought.

“I do hope mamma will remember how much I need a stamp-book!” cried Will, one day when he was sure she had nothing of the kind among her parcels. “I have fifty stamps now, and Uncle John has promised to send me some more. Mamma believes in having stamp-books; she says it teaches us geography, to find on the map the places from which the stamps came.

“You are welcome to a stamp-book, and I hope you will get one, Will,” answered Jenny: “but I want Hans Andersen. Would n’t we have good times reading aloud to each other?”

“I want a fife and a drum,” chimed in little Robbie, “and I hope Santa Claus will

give me a set of soldiers and a new top, and a whip, and a gun, and a big rocking-horse, and a heap of candy!"

"Why, Robbie," said mamma, who had taken off her wraps and put away the mysterious looking bundles, "if Santa Claus gives you all the presents you want, I am afraid he cannot give any to some poor little girls and boys I know, who did not get anything in their stockings last year."

"O mamma!" cried the two older children, with a sudden look of sadness, "Was n't that too bad? We might give them something this year. Where do they live?"

"Not far from here. I called there this morning. Their father is sick. There were five little children playing in the room, and all were pretty and well behaved. I could not help thinking how different their Christmas would be from yours."

"Let us make a ('hristmas tree for them," said Jenny. "Will you buy us a tree mamma, if we will trim it? I think we can all find something to put on it."

"Yes, indeed!" said mamma, "I should be very glad to have you give the little Wilsons a surprise. I will go now and send for a pretty little tree. Until it comes, you can be looking over your things to see what you would like to give."

"I will give my rabbit with one ear broken off," said Robbie.

"I am going to look over my story books," said Will. "I think I can spare my little Robinson Crusoe book, not my big one, of course."

"I will find some pretty little boxes and fill them with beads;" said Jenny, "and we must pop some corn to string for the tree."

"O, yes!" said Will, "let us pop it now."

"And we ought to have little candy bags," added Jenny. "I think we can spare a few cents to buy some nice candies."

"Yes," said Will. "It would not be a tree worth having, if there were no candy on it. We can put apples on it too, and oranges,—that is if mamma will let us have them."

"Of course she will," said Jenny. "Did you ever know mamma to refuse us such things if we wanted to give them away?"

"I can pop corn," said Will, doubtfully; "but I don't know about the candy-bags. I think you will have to make the bags."

"O, those are easy to make," answered Jenny. "Mamma will cut them out. They must be made of coarse lace, because it is so nice to see the candy shining through. Then all you have to do is, to

run bright worsted round the edges,—red is the prettiest,—and then run in another piece of worsted for a string to hang it up by."

"O, I can do that," cried Robbie; "and I might knit them a worsted ball, too."

Both children laughed at this, for Robbie's knitting was oftener on the floor than in the little box where mamma first put it.

Robbie did not enjoy being laughed at, if he did leave his knitting where kitty could get it and play "cat's cradle" with it. His little lip began to quiver, when Jenny said,—"O, Robbie, will you help us shell the corn? Perhaps we can get some of it strung before the tree comes."

A Merry Christmas.

PART II.

The tree came, and was fastened on a little wooden stand. Mamma gave up one room in which to trim it.

The children were surprised, when they looked over their treasures, to find how many things they could spare for the little Wilsons.

Jenny found several little dolls' dresses and hats; which it had given her more pleasure to make than to use; and mamma

bought her two or three china dolls, that they would fit. Each doll was put into a little box, which was hung on the tree by a bright ribbon.

Will found a small broken cart and pop-gun, that he thought could never be used, but a little glue made them all right.

Tops, picture-books, reins to play horse with, tiny tin pails filled with pretty sugar plums,—these and many other trifles which delight children's hearts, found their way to the Christmas tree.

Papa looked in upon the children at night, and was so pleased that he promised to bring them, the next day, some warm mittens and stockings.

Mamma rolled up several neat aprons and hung them on the tree, and a paper parcel lying at its foot contained a nice woolen dress for Mrs. Wilson.

No children could be happier than were these busy little workers on Christmas eve, when, as a finishing touch to the tree, they fastened bright candles on the branches, all ready to be lighted.

"Is n't it a beauty?" asked Jenny, as mamma came in to see it before it was sent off.

"Yes," said mamma, more pleased than she could tell, to see her children's delight

in working for others,—“it is a beauty. How much the little Wilsons will enjoy it!”

“I made two strings of corn,” shouted Robbie. “Jenny said I helped her ever so much.”

“Yes, mamma, Robbie did help us. I hope Santa Claus will remember him!”

“Mamma,” cried Will, “John says he does not know where the Wilsons live. Now I do; can I go with him to show the way?”

“O, let me go!” chimed in Jenny.

“And me too!” added Robbie.

“I don’t know about it,” said mamma slowly, “it is very cold, and it will be quite dark too. Besides, one seat of the wagon must be taken out, to make room for the tree.”

“That’s the very reason why I should go,” said Will. “Some one must sit on the floor to hold the tree steady.”

“And Robbie and I can sit on the seat with John,” added Jenny.

So it was arranged that the three children should go with the tree, to the house of the little Wilsons.

Mrs. Wilson had been hard at work all day washing. The father was better, but

he could not work yet; and his pale face showed, as he sat in a rocking-chair near the fire, how much he had suffered.

The oldest of the group of children was Bessie, a little girl about twelve years old. Then came three wide-awake boys, and Nora, the baby, who was just beginning to run alone.

"Bessie," said Tim, the oldest boy, "I wish we could have some Christmas presents! There are so many pretty things in the store windows! Don't you think mother could let us buy something?"

"No," said Bessie. "I know she could n't. Don't let her hear you talking about Christmas. It will make her feel sad. I heard her say this morning that she owed money to the doctor, and the baker, and to the man who owns this house."

"It almost makes me cross to hear the Christmas bells," said Tim. "I wish I were a man!—I would work and earn money, and mother would not have to work so hard."

"Bessie," said the youngest boy, running in from the next room, where shall we hang our stockings to-night? I want to hang mine next to yours."

"What's the use of hanging up our stockings?" said Jack, the second boy. "We shall

not get a thing in them if we do. We did not get a present last year; and of course we shall not now, when father is sick."

Just then, a loud rap at the door was heard. The weary mother started, for she was afraid the landlord had come for his rent. "Go to the door, Bessie," she said. "Tell him I will try and pay him next week."

Bessie, trembling, opened the door; and there stood, not the busy, bustling landlord, but the beautiful Christmas tree with its pretty red and white candles lighted.

"O," said Bessie, almost losing her breath,—"there must be some mistake! We live here—the Wilsons."

But no, there was no mistake, for half-way up the tree, in gold letters, was:—
"A Merry Christmas for the little Wilsons!"

"O, mother, mother!" shouted Bessie, "do come and see what is here!" and in a minute more, mother, surrounded by the three boys, and little Nora tugging at her dress, were at the door.

"Hurrah!" said Tim, "bring it in. Who says we shall not have a jolly Christmas!"

"It is better than hanging up a hundred stockings!" said Jack, as one of the candy

bags hit his nose. "Why it is as fine as the tree in the window at the toy shop. Take care! don't knock off anything!"



"Who could have sent it?" said Tim, as they placed the tree in the front room.

"I can't imagine," said Bessie, "but I am sure it came in a wagon, for I saw a man drive away when I went to the door."

That night, when mamma put Robbie to bed, he said, "I don't care if Santa Claus doesn't bring me a big rocking-horse. I hope he will bring me a set of soldiers, though. I will put them away in the box always; and next year I will put them on another Christmas tree to give away."

The Impatient Water.

shrill	sta tion	foun tain
steam	nar row	pris on er
fan cy	whis tle	vent ured
mill er	whisked	hedge-row
cis tern	bub bled	pat ter ing
en gine	dis tance	lo co mo'tive

A locomotive engine was one day standing in the station, under a large pipe, and near it was a cistern full of water. Now, this water did not like its mode of life, and, as I put my ear close to the cistern, I could fancy that I heard it say:—

“Here I am, shut up in these narrow walls, where I can see nothing of the world outside! If I were only a brook, how I would go singing and laughing through the fields! Even in that fountain I could be happy, playing with the fishes or leaping high into the air. Here, however, I am a prisoner: no one can see me or know my value.”

Just then a voice said, “Come; you’re wanted.” So off the water ran down a long dark tube, and fell headlong into an iron boiler.

Very soon it grew warm, for a large fire was burning beneath it. Hotter and hotter it became, until, at last, it boiled and bub-

bled with delight; when, lo! the water faded out of sight, and became steam.

Just then a shrill whistle was heard, and out flew the steam; but as it went, it moved a rod, and the rod moved the wheels, and a long train of cars glided out of the station. On they dashed, faster and faster, until the smoky town was left in the distance, and houses, trees, and fields flew by as if they all had wings.

Curving round a hill, the train soon passed out of sight, leaving the steam far behind. A cloud which happened to be floating by at that moment, asked the steam to come and join it. So up went the steam and the two became friends at once, gliding on gently over fields, and brooks, and rivers, and they said they had never been so happy in all their lives.

It was a hot summer's day, and for a long time there had been no rain. The fields were brown and bare, and the streams were almost dry. The ground was so hard that the corn could not grow; and the sheep could not get enough to eat in the meadows, though they were nibbling all the day.

"Can't we help them?" said one cloud to another.

"Yes, we will!" shouted a number of little clouds all in one breath. "The hot sun shall not have it all his own way."

So they spread themselves out until they completely covered the sky. At this the sun was very angry, and flung his darts of fire at them; but it was all in vain, for he could not pierce the clouds.

Then every flower in the meadow and hedge-row looked up and smiled so sweetly that the clouds could stay in the sky no longer. They came down to the earth, turning into thousands of drops as they fell; and then all through the land there was the patterning of rain.

Very soon the grass grew green, and the ducks came waddling to the pond in high glee, and the drooping flowers raised their heads to drink in the refreshing shower.

Now the raindrops had got into the way of doing good and they could not stop; so off they ran, singing a merry song, for they were very happy.

At length they fell into a brook, where their delight knew no bounds. They whisked round and round in a kind of dance, and then darted under the bushes, as if they were playing at hide-and-seek; and so the brook flowed on, as happy as

the day was long, loved by every one, and loving every one in return.

The grass grew greener where it ran; the birds dipped their little bills into its water and sang more sweetly; and the school-boy laughed to see his boat glide gently down the stream.



Then the brook grew larger every day, until it was strong enough to turn the miller's wheel. By and by it grew into a river, so deep and wide that great ships could float on it; and at last it found its resting place in the deep, strong sea.

A Trip Across the Prairies.

pis tol	a larmed'	pas sen gers
cin ders	gor geous	Cal i for'ni a
beau ties	buf fa loes	cow-catch er
plod ded	New York'	New Eng'land
sway ing	con duct'or	dis ap point'ed

Carl and his father were seated in the cars, bound for the far West. They were going to make a visit to Carl's uncle in California, and had already been in the cars two days and nights.

Carl had never made a long journey before, and every State that they passed through gave him a great deal to think and talk about.

They had glided swiftly among the pretty towns and lovely hills of Western New England. They had been through New York State, and had crossed the tumbling, rumbling, foaming Niagara, catching a glimpse as they went of the wonderful Falls that hurl the water of four great lakes into the river below. And now they were beyond the towns and cities, and were coming into the wild prairies of the West.

“O, papa, what lovely flowers!—I never saw such beautiful wild-flowers. How I wish we could pick some of them for mamma!”

"The prairies are full of pretty flowers," said a gentleman who sat near by. "Whenever I take this trip, they remind me of a gorgeous carpet,—the colors are so gay."

"Do you think we shall see any wild animals to-day?" asked Carl, looking with wonder at the gentleman who spoke of a ride on the prairies as a common affair.

"I never passed a day on the prairies yet," replied the gentleman, "without seeing some wild animals, though they are not so common as they were before the cars began to run here. I think we are coming to some deer now,—yes, I am sure of it."

"Where? Where?" asked Carl,—eagerly looking out of the window. "I would n't miss seeing a wild deer for any thing!"

By this time the cars brought them round a curve, so that they could plainly see a troop of beautiful deer,—some with, some without horns.

"O, papa!" cried Carl. "Why does n't the conductor stop the cars? I am sure every one on board would be glad to watch the deer."

"If the cars should stop every time a wild animal is seen," said their friend smiling, "we should be a long time getting to California."

Just then some one in the rear car fired a pistol towards the herd of deer, and away they went, bounding over the tall rank grass till they were out of sight.

"Never mind, Carl," said papa. "If we had been walking on the prairies, we could not have gone much nearer to the deer,—they are very shy creatures. Perhaps we shall see some other wild animals."

Soon after, the engine gave several sharp whistles, and the train began to go more slowly.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" asked one and another of the passengers.

"Don't be afraid," said the kind gentleman, as he saw Carl's anxious face, "we are going to see something worth telling of. Come to the rear car where we can look out better."

"There!" continued their friend. "That black cloud rushing on ahead before the engine, and stretching out as far as we can see, is a herd of bisons,—some call them buffaloes. The noise that sounds almost like thunder is made by their hoofs. It is not often that one sees so large a herd as that!"

"Could n't the engine go ahead and toss the bison off the track with the cow-catcher?" asked Carl, almost too excited to speak.

"Why, my boy," replied the gentleman, "there are bisons enough there to cover the train ten deep. But do not be alarmed. The animals are afraid of us,—they will soon be off the track. There! they are clearing it."

And in a few minutes, the train was rushing on its way again.

But the most exciting part of the trip was yet to come. The next day the passengers noticed smoke in the air, and the conductor was heard to say, "The prairies may be on fire."

As night came on, there was no longer any doubt, for the sky before them was bright with flames. The poor frightened animals ran wildly from the fire;—now a herd of deer, now a prairie-dog, now a pack of wolves.

The air in the cars became hot and dry, and the passengers closed the car-windows to keep out the heat and cinders from the fire they were nearing.

"I am frightened, papa!" said Carl. "Do you think we shall be burned up?"

"No, indeed," said his papa. "If the engineer finds we are in danger, he will stop the train. We may have to stay here over night; but we will not care for that."

"Look, papa!" cried Carl excitedly, as he rushed from one side of the car to the other. "See! there are flames on both sides of us; and how the fire roars!"

The train plodded on, swaying to and fro. Soon the engine came to a halt. The car door opened, and the conductor, looking in, shouted: "Cars are on fire out-



side. Passengers get out as soon as possible. Bring your blankets and rugs!"

Carl and his papa were near the door, so that they were soon out. And when Carl was safe, his papa turned and helped others.

Soon the car was empty; and by throwing blankets on the flames that were just bursting forth, the fire was put out; but not until it had made sad work with the beautiful cars which Carl had admired so much.

"Why didn't they put water on the flames?" asked Carl, when they were again seated in the cars.

"You can answer that question yourself, if you think a moment," said his papa smiling.

"O, I know!—we are not near any water."

The train was now on its way again, hastening away from the fire. Carl and his papa looked back from the rear car. The bright flames lighted up miles and miles of the wide prairie. Carl saw the frightened animals rushing wildly across the plains, and the birds, driven from their nests, flying in the bright sky.

"What a great wide country a prairie is," said Carl, "no mountains, no hills, only flat, level land. It makes me think of a desert; and this fire reminds me of the terrible sand-storms."

"Yes," said his papa; "in some places the prairie is as wide as the great African desert. Let us be thankful that it is not a level waste of country, but a blooming garden."

Archie's Twelfth Letter.

Dear Kate:

It is raining so hard to-day that we cannot go out for sight-seeing. Mother bought me the "Life of Franklin." I like it very well. It has some of the stories papa told us.

I have often wondered why the people did not make Franklin President,—he was so good and wise; but to-day I found out that he was a very old man when we first had presidents. He was eighty-three years old when Washington was elected, and was quite feeble.

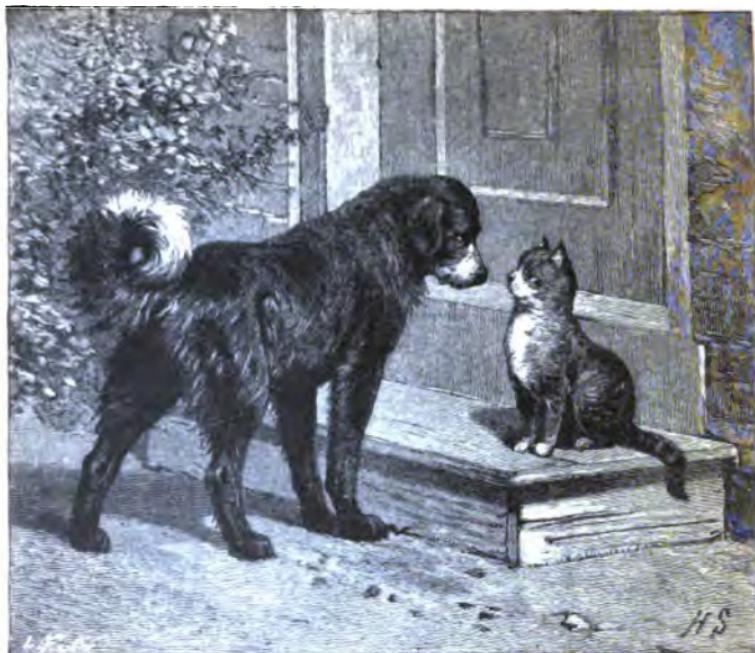
I think of you in the house this rainy day. What do you find interesting to read? Or, does papa tell you stories? If so, write me what he tells you.

I must not forget the rule: A semicolon marks a longer pause in reading than a comma. It separates clauses that may be found in a sentence; as, "For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; for want of a horse, the rider was lost."

These are Franklin's words. Mother found them in my book. The words I quoted the other day,— "Early to bed," etc., are Franklin's too.

Good-by for this time,

Archie.



Two Sides to a Story.

tem per	serv ants	in dig'nant
mop ing	of fend'ed	par tic'u lar
ex act'ly	com plain'	in quis'i tive
heart i ly	com pelled'	ques tion ing
in quired'	threat ened	med dle some

"What's the matter?" said Growler to the tabby cat, as she sat moping on the step of the kitchen door.

"Matter enough," said the cat, turning her head another way. "Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me; I wish heartily some one would hang her."

"Why, what is the matter?" repeated Growler.

"Hasn't she beaten me, and called me a thief, and threatened to kill me?"

"Dear, dear!" said Growler. "Pray, what has brought it about?"

"O, nothing at all; it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder the mistress has not sent her away long ago."

"Well, you see," said Growler, "cooks are very useful in the house; you and I might be spared much more easily."

"Not a drop of milk have I had this day," said the cat; "and such a pain in my side!"

"But what is the cause?" said Growler.

"Hav' n't I told you?" said the cat pettishly. "It's her temper—O, what I have had to suffer from it! Everything she breaks she lays to me,—everything that is stolen she lays to me. Really I cannot bear it!"

Growler was quite indignant; but, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked, "But was there no particular cause for her being cross, this morning?"

"She chose to be very angry because I—I offended her," said the cat.

"How, may I ask?" gently inquired Growler.

"O, nothing worth telling—a mere mistake of mine."

Growler looked at her with so questioning a look, that she was compelled to say, "I took the wrong thing for my breakfast."

"O!" said Growler, beginning to understand the case.

"Why, the fact is," said the cat, "I was springing at a mouse, and knocked down a dish, and, not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and it was rather nice, and—"

"You finished it," hinted Growler.

"Well, I believe I should have done so, if that meddlesome cook hadn't come in. As it was, I left the head."

"The head of what?" said Growler.

"How inquisitive you are!" said the cat.

"Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler.

"Well, then, it was the head of a fish that was meant for dinner."

"Then," said Growler, "say what you please; but, now I've heard both sides of the story, I only wonder she did not hang you."

Imprisoned Sunshine.

bur ied	pro vide'	Heav en ly
pressed	sun shine	dis cov'ered
rus tled	hard ened	im pris'oned
tum bled	grum bled	com fort a ble

Once upon a time, long, long ago, thousands of years before there were any men, women, or children in the world, a great forest of trees was growing.

The trees were very large, and they crowded and shaded each other, so that the sunshine could not get to their trunks and roots.

They kept on growing, until finally one tree began to grumble and say to its neighbor: "There is no one to see us. What difference does it make whether we drink in just so much sunshine each day, or not? Nobody will be any the wiser for it if our branches and leaves are not large and well grown."

The second tree rustled its leaves as much as to say: "I agree with you friend!" and repeated the fretful words it had just heard, to the tree on the other side of it. Soon nearly all the forest was rustling and shaking with discontent.

But one tree said: "Be still awhile, sisters; I have something to say. The Great Wise

Father above put us here and bade us grow. He sends His bright sunshine to us each day, which must mean that we are not yet to stop growing. What matter is it if there is no one near to admire and praise us? We know that we are doing our duty. Is not that enough? For my part, I mean to grow as large and as strong as I can."

When this good tree had stopped speaking, there was silence through the dark forest; and soon most of the trees went on growing, some of them not so willingly as the others, however.

By and by, one after another finished growing, and dropped down on the ground; and new trees grew up. You could not have known, had you been there, that the first old trees had ever lived at all.

These trees, in their turn, lived hundreds of years, drinking in all the sunshine they could. Then they, too, died and tumbled down, one by one; and a young tree soon crowded up into the place where an old one had been.

Then there came a great shaking of the earth, the trees never knew how; and the ground they were on sank down, so that a great deal of water and mud rushed in and covered up the place.

Then more mud came, and after a while hardened into rock. And the trunks and leaves of the trees in the old forest were pressed and squeezed so close together by the heavy masses of earth and rock above, that even air could not get in to them.

Of what use was all the sunshine they had taken in? or of what use were all the lovely green leaves they had put forth?—they were all mashed together into one black looking lump.

After a while, animals and people were on the earth. But no one knew anything about the old trees of the forest that had lived so long ago.

Many more hundreds of years passed away, during which time the great black mass, which had once been trees, still lay buried in the dark earth.

After a time, men began to dig down through the mud, sand, and stones, hoping to find silver and gold. After much hard digging they came to the black mass which was once the green forest.

They soon discovered that it would burn as well as wood. They were glad to find this out, for there were then so many people in the world, that wood was becoming very scarce.

Hundreds of men began digging for the black stuff that would make such good fires; and the coal—for so they now called it—was sent all over the land.

And now it warms and lights many a home, and makes our school-rooms bright and comfortable in winter. This would not be, if, ages ago, those old trees of the forest had not grown as well as they could.

The sunshine that the trees took in then, and which was imprisoned so long in the dark earth, comes back to us now in the warmth and brightness of the coal. Thus does the Heavenly Father provide for the wants of His children.

The Constant Dove.

eaves	grieves	co coons'
ga ble	slen der	con stant
moths	tap ping	nut-hatch
pressed	pa tience	red den ing
laughed	a skance'	mur mured

The white dove sat on the sunny eaves,
And “What will you do when the north wind grieves?”
She said to the busy nut-hatch small,
Tapping above in the gable tall.

He probed each crack with his slender beak,
 And much too busy was he to speak ;
 Spiders, that thought themselves safe and sound,
 And moths and flies and cocoons, he found.

O! but the white dove she was fair ;
 Bright she shone in the autumn air,
 Turning her head from left to right,—
 Only to watch her was such a delight!

“Coo!” she murmured, “poor little thing,
 What will you do when the frosts shall sting ?
 Spiders and flies will be hidden or dead,
 Snow underneath and snow overhead.”

Nut-hatch paused in his busy care ;
 “And what will you do, O white dove fair?”
 “O kind hands feed me with crumbs and grain,
 And I wait with patience for spring again.”

He laughed so loud that his laugh I heard :
 “How can you be such a stupid bird !
 What are your wings for, tell me pray,
 But to bear you from tempest and cold away ?

“Merrily off to the south I fly,
 In search of the summer presently,
 And warmth and beauty I ’ll find anew ;
 Why don’t you follow the summer, too ?”

But she cooed content on the sunny eaves,
 And looked askance at the reddening leaves ;
 And grateful I whispered, “O white dove true,
 I ’ll feed you, and love you the winter through !”

The Adventures of a Needle.

i ron	scoured	ham mered
nee dle	car bon	play ground
dra per	un ti'dy	ad vent'ures
sew ing	fac to ry	ma chin'er y
quar rel	pur chased	straight ened

I am a very little thing, and have but one eye; yet I have seen a great deal more with my one eye than many of you have with two, because I have always kept it open.

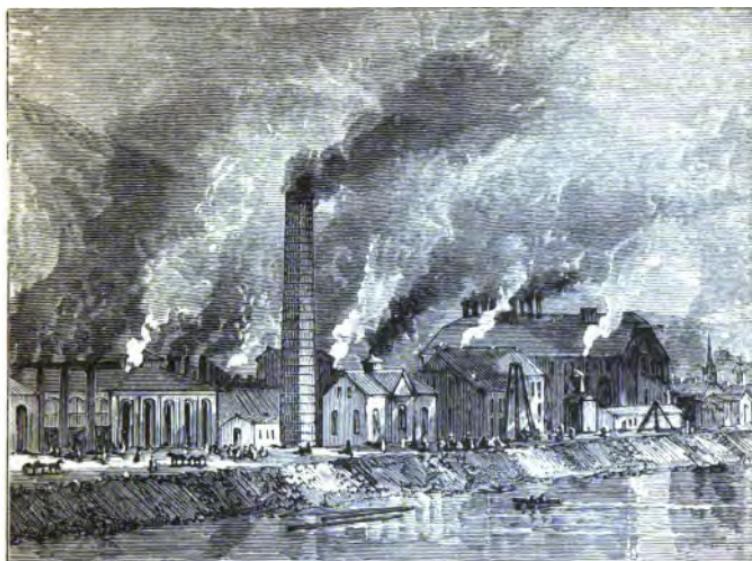
I have had a busy, bustling life; and when I tell my adventures, you will not be surprised that I have only one eye, and will wonder how I have managed to keep that.

The iron from which I was made lay for ages buried in the ground. But men dug deep down into the earth and found it, or I should not have been here now.

The iron was mixed with carbon and made into steel. Had I been made of pure iron you would not have found me so useful to you in your needlework.

The steel was made into large, heavy bars, and then drawn out into long, thin pieces called steel-wire.

I do not pretend to know much about geography, but I daresay all this was done



in a large smoky town somewhere—very likely in Sheffield, England.

You should have heard the noise of hammers and machinery there! And had you seen how the steel was beaten, and hammered, and rolled, you would have concluded there would not be enough of it left to make even a needle.

After the wire was finished, it was purchased by the needle-maker; and in his factory I was made as you see me now. I was cut to the proper length, and ground to a point on an immense stone wheel.

Then my one precious eye was made for me, and I was straightened, smoothed, scoured and cleaned.

Then some boys and girls polished me and a number of other needles and packed us in papers ready for sale.

The papers were each numbered, to tell what size we were. I am number seven, which is thought to be a very useful size for all common work.

I was then purchased, with many others, for a large shop in the city. Here I lay for a long time, until one day a clean, smart-looking little girl came in for "a paper of sevens," and my paper was given to her.

The home to which I was now taken, was a poor one, but very neat. I found out that she was the eldest girl of the family.

There were four other children younger than herself, and she used me to mend their clothes as well as her own.

The children were very cheaply dressed, yet they always had a clean, tidy look, for their clothing was neatly mended and washed, and they kept themselves remarkably clean.

I was well taken care of in this home, and always put away in a little needle-case after being used.

One day I was given to one of the younger children to take to school with her needlework. It was a wonderful place

to me—that school—for I had never been inside one before.

It would puzzle me to tell how many girls there were, but they were every one using needles, making all kinds of clothing. There were babies' dresses and aprons, shirts, and a most charming piece of patchwork.

But I was frightened when I saw some tiny girls in the lowest class with needles bigger than myself, trying to sew. I was afraid they might push them into their hands, or perhaps swallow them..

Coming out of school, my owner lost me, and there I lay on the cold floor of the playground until next morning, when another girl picked me up, stuck me in her apron, and carried me home.

But O, what a different home from the one in which I had previously lived! The house was untidy, the children were dirty, and in rags, and I had to lie still and rust.

It was very sad to see pins stuck into the clothes, and scratching the children, when I could have made everything so neat, if some one had taken the trouble to use me.

I have very great respect for my friend the pin, but, though I am glad of his help sometimes, I prefer to do my own work.

There is my friend the thimble, too. He makes me go whether I will or not; but I own I could not get on so well without him. And so it is in life, we have each to help the other—each our own part to play.

The sewing would never be done if I wanted to be where the pin is, and the pin where I am, while the thimble insisted that we should be where he is. But we each mind our own business, and in that way the work is done.

So, if every one tried to do the same thing, the world would not get on at all. But if each one of us sticks to his own duty, and does it well, there will not be much chance to quarrel.

The Bat.

flight	pit ied	na tives	hur ried
boughs	bod ies	kitch en	shuf fling
warmth	home ly	feath ers	crawl ing

One cold day in winter, Hal and his brother George were playing ball in the garden.

Hal threw the ball to George, who missed it, and it fell into a thick hedge

close-by. Both boys looked for it, parting the boughs, and searching the shrubs from top to bottom; but for a long time they could not find it.

Suddenly George called out, "Hal, do come and look! here is a funny thing hanging on a bough. It has soft fur; and it hangs by its hind legs. I wonder if it is alive!"

"Let me see," said Hal. "Why, I think it is a bat. Let us break off the little bough and put the creature in a box at the house. When papa comes home he will tell us something about it. I wonder whether it is dead, or only asleep. I think I have heard that bats sleep through the winter."

They broke off the bough, carried it into the kitchen, and laid it on the table while they made a cage out of an empty cigar-box. They bored holes in the sides to let in air, for they thought the bat might, after all, be alive; and they found a small sheet of glass which was just the thing for a lid, so that they could see what was inside.

They were so busy at their work that for a few minutes they did not look at the bat; and just as they had finished, their sister Alice came in, and cried out: "Hal,—George,—what is this queer thing that is crawling about?"

Both turned round, and sure enough, there was the bat shuffling along on the table in a very awkward manner. George ran to catch it, shouting, "It is alive!" But before he could touch it, it spread its wings, and flew across the room to the window, striking against the glass and falling on the floor.

George closed the door, and Alice ran to catch the poor little breathless thing, which she pitied very much. She had her hand close to the bat, but did not dare touch it for fear it might bite.

Before Hal could pick it up, it had regained its breath, and had taken another flight across the room. After some chasing, Hal caught it, and put it quickly, before it had time to bite, into the box that George held ready.

When their father came home, the children hurried him into the kitchen to look at their new prize, which was crouched in a corner of the box.

"Is it a bird or a beast?" asked George.

"Which do you think, children?" asked Mr. Williams. "Let me see if you cannot find out."

"It has no feathers," said Alice, "and the hind feet have toes and claws; I think it is a beast."

"But then it flies," said George; "beasts do not fly. Fancy a flying pig;—would n't he be a strange creature!"

"I think it is a beast for all that," said Hal, "for its body is covered with fur, like that of a mouse. It has long ears; and, when it flew, I saw that the skin it flies with, is stretched on four very long fingers."

"You are right, Hal and Alice; it is a beast. Bats are beasts as much as cats, mice, or elephants. They do not lay eggs; they have five toes on each foot, a mouth with lips and teeth, instead of a bill like a bird; and their bodies are covered with fur.

"They are all able to fly well by means of the skin that is stretched out on the four long fingers of the fore feet. This skin passes along the sides of the body to the hind feet, and fills the space between the hind feet and the tail.

"There are very many kinds of bats. Those that live in this country eat insects; but some that are natives of hot countries, suck the blood of other animals; and there are quite large ones that live on fruit.

"In the winter all the bats, except those living in warm countries, go into a deep sleep, and stay asleep till the warm weather

comes. The warmth of the kitchen has waked your bat, and you must feed him."

The children fed the bat with little bits of meat and flies; and it became so tame that it would come when called, and feed out of the hand.



During the day he staid in the back shed, hanging by his hind claws in a dark corner, head down, fast asleep. But after supper, when the lamps were lighted in the pleasant sitting-room, he would fly in through the door, and round the children's heads, as if asking for something to eat.

So they chose this time for giving him a good meal; and the furry bat, with his big ears and homely nose, became almost as much of a pet with the children as their rabbits or their squirrels.

Archie's Thirteenth Letter.

Dear Kate:

I have had a delightful time to-day! Some of mother's friends started for Europe this morning; and they invited us to go on board the steamer and see them off.

And then—what do you think?—they invited us to sail down the harbor with them, and come back in the little tug-boat that always follows the steamer.

Before we started I went about the ship and into the big cabins, and the little state-rooms where people sleep. But what I liked best was to go on deck and see the pilot. He is the man who stands at the wheel and guides the ship.

If I ever go to Europe I shall stay on deck all the time,—that is, except at meal-times. Don't you hope you and I can go to Europe sometime? The steamer we were on was going to Germany. I should rather go to England. Which country of Europe would you like to see best, and why?

Here comes mother with the rule and another of Franklin's sayings, so I must stop talking about Europe.

A colon is used after such words as, "remember this," "namely," "as follows," etc.; as, Remember this: "They who will not be advised, cannot be helped."

Archie.
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The Smoky Chimney.

gla zier	puz zling	nec es sa ry
draught	neigh bor	brick-lay er
en e my	di rec'tion	ven ti lā tor
nui sance	dis turbed'	im prove'ments

Abel Graves was a hard-working man, and his wife was a kind-hearted woman; but, though they did all they could to add to the comfort of each other, they had a sad enemy which often disturbed them. This enemy was a smoky chimney.

When Abel came home at night, and would have enjoyed his supper in a clean house and by a bright fire, he had to listen to the complaints of his wife, who declared that to sit in such a smoke as she did all day, was more than she could bear.

Abel thought it bad enough to have a smoky chimney, but to have at the same time a scolding from his wife, tried him sadly.

One night, when the smoke was pouring into the room, and Abel was puzzling his brains to hit upon some plan by which he could get rid of the nuisance, a neighbor of his—a slater—looked in at the door.

“Abel,” said he, “you are in a pretty smoke! and you are likely to be, until you

place a few tiles at the top of your chimney to prevent the wind from blowing down."

When his neighbor was gone, Abel Graves said to himself that in the morning he would do as he had been advised.

Soon another neighbor—a glazier—came in. "Master Graves," said he, "your chimney gets worse and worse! You may try a hundred plans, but none of them will do until you put a ventilator in your window."

Away went the neighbor, and Abel began to think about having a ventilator in his window; but he could not decide whether to try the ventilator or the tiles.

"Hollo! Abel," shouted a third neighbor—a bricklayer—who was passing by; "this is interesting! I suppose you mean to smoke us all out."

"No, no!" said Abel; "I am tormented too much with the smoke myself to wish to torment anybody else with it. Nobody knows what a trouble it is to me."

"Why" replied his neighbor, "if you will only brick up your chimney a little closer, it will be cured at once. I was bothered in just the same way; but a few bricks made it right, and now I have no trouble at all with my chimney."

This set Abel Graves thinking once more; but whether it was best to put tiles at the top, to brick up closer the bottom of the chimney, or to have a ventilator in the window, he did not know.

He mused on the matter before he went to bed, and woke two or three times in the night and thought it over; yet, when he got up in the morning, he was as far from being decided as ever.

Just as Abel was starting off to his work, Abraham Ireland came by. Now, Abraham was a sensible old man, so that his advice was often asked.

Abel, as soon as he saw him, asked him to step in for a moment, which he willingly did. "I want your advice," said Abel, "about my chimney, for it is the plague of my life!"

"What have you done to it?" inquired old Abraham.

"Why," replied Abel, "I have done nothing at all but fret about it; for this neighbor tells me to do one thing, and that neighbor tells me to do another, and so I am more puzzled about it than ever."

"There may be some sense in what each one says," said Abraham, thinking the matter over; "and if I found it necessary, I would take the advice of all three."

No sooner was old Abraham gone, than Abel went in search of the slater, who, in an hour's time, put the tiles on the chimney-top.

When Abel returned from his work, at night, his wife told him that there had not been quite so much smoke in the house as before, but that, still, it was not fit to live in.

Next morning, Abel went to the glazier, who in the course of the day put a ventilator in the window. This mended the matter surprisingly.

But as the smoke, even now, did not all go up the chimney, Abel sent for the bricklayer, who bricked up the chimney a little closer, to make the draught quicker; and when Abel once more returned home, he found a clean hearth, a bright fire, a good-tempered wife, and a house as little troubled with smoke as any in the village.

"Well, Abel," said old Abraham, who had called to know how the improvements were going on, "you and your wife are able to see one another now."

Abel told him what he had done, and that his chimney was quite cured.

"I am very glad of it," replied Abraham, heartily; "and the next time you get into

a difficulty, instead of wasting your time in fretting over it, listen to the advice of others.

"Weigh it in your mind. Think of the easiest way to get rid of your trouble, and go at once and do it. This plan will cure a thousand troubles quite as well as it will cure a smoky chimney."

The Cherry Tree.

la den	leaf lets	trem bled
gath er	burst ing	quiv er ing
root let	blos soms	mid sum mer

The tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:
"Shall I take them away?" said the frost, sweeping down.

"No, leave them alone

Till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the tree, while it trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore its blossoms, and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the wind, as it swung.

"No, leave them alone

Till the cherries have grown,"

Said the tree, while its leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore its fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather thy sweet cherries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see:

Take them; all are for thee,"

Said the tree, while it bent down its laden boughs low.



Robert's Ride.

cov et	fet locks	op po site
bu gle	cheer ful	prac ticed
ei ther	stran ger	dif fer ent
act ive	tempt ed	self ish ness
coup le	can tered	ap pear'ance

The day was wintry, and snow lay on the ground; but Robert did not care for that. He was going to spend the day at his uncle's house, with a party of friends. There was to be a foot-race, and a silver-tipped bugle was to be the prize.

Robert had practiced running for several weeks to prepare for the race. He was a manly boy,—active, merry, and bold,—with a heart as light as a feather.

"The race is to be at eleven, so make haste little Brownie!" cried Robert to the pony, which his father had hired for the day, that he might ride to his uncle's house. One of the greatest treats that could be given to Robert was a ride on Brownie.

Robert was often tempted to wish that the pony were his own; but he had been taught not to covet, and to be contented, and thankful for the things which he had.

It was not easy for Brownie to canter on as fast as his young rider wished, for the snow lay thick, and the pony often sunk in it up to his shaggy fetlocks.

Robert had ridden about half-way, when he passed a lonely cottage in which dwelt a poor old couple named Jones.

Robert had often seen the old man weeding in his little garden, and his wife, who took in washing, hanging out clothes to dry but he had never spoken to them.

Just as he cantered past, the sound of a woman's voice calling, as if in distress, made him stop. Turning in his saddle, he saw Mrs. Jones running towards him, without either bonnet or shawl.

"Oh, young master!" she cried in a tone of despair, "will you, for mercy's sake, ride

to Chester for the doctor? My poor old man is suddenly taken sick, and there is no one near us who can go."

"To Chester!" cried Robert; "why, that is nearly five miles away!"

"Your pony can carry you; besides, I can not leave my husband. Oh, young master, he is very, very sick!"

Robert could not help wishing that the illness had happened on any other day than this. Chester lay in a different direction from that of his uncle's house; every one would be expecting him, and oh, how impatient he was to be there! Old Mr. Jones was no relation of his; why should he be the one to be sent for the doctor?

So whispered selfishness for a moment—but only for a moment. There came to the memory of the boy the beautiful story from the Scriptures, of a traveler who would not leave a poor stranger to suffer and to die. Robert thought of the sacred command, "Go and do thou likewise;" and he did not long hesitate.

"Go back to your husband," he said; "I know where the doctor lives, and I'll soon let him hear of your trouble;" and turning his pony's head, Robert cantered off in the opposite direction.

The pony and his rider were now facing the cold north wind, and it seemed to pierce Robert through like a dart. Then down came some large white flakes from the dull-looking sky; faster and faster they fell, till the air was darkened by a heavy snow-storm.

It seemed to poor Robert as if he would never reach the doctor's door; and he thought of all the pleasure that he was losing, for by this time all chance of winning the silver-tipped bugle was gone.

At last he came within sight of the doctor's house. Brownie stood at the door panting and puffing, the steam rising from his shaggy coat, while Robert, whose fingers were stiff with cold, pulled the bell.

"Tell the doctor, please," cried the boy to the servant who opened the door, "that poor old Mr. Jones is very sick; and ask him to go and see him as fast as he can."

"Doctor's just going out,—here comes the gig for him," answered the servant. "I'll tell him what you say."

"Oh, how glad I am that I did not delay," thought Robert, as he turned his pony. "If I had been but five minutes later, the doctor might have been off for the day. The race must be over now. Well, though I have

lost my chance of the prize, I shall never regret that I have done a kindness to those poor old people."

Robert was too kind to urge the tired pony, and it was almost one o'clock when he reached his uncle's house.

"I'll not tell what has made me so late," thought the boy; "my father's proverb is, 'Do what is right, and say nothing about it.'"

Robert was very glad to leave Brownie to his uncle's servant, and run into the warm house, and up to the room whence came the sound of merry young voices.

"Oh, here is Robert! Here he comes at last!" shouted the children, as Robert, with his cheeks red as apples, from the cold, suddenly made his appearance.

"Why, what has made you so late? You are two hours behind time," cried one.

"We thought that you were lost in the snow," said another.

"What has kept you so long?" asked Jessie, his cousin.

"Never mind what kept me;—I 've come at last," said Robert, rubbing his chilled hands by the roaring fire. "Tell me who has won the foot-race."

"Oh, the snow came on, so we put off the race," said his uncle. "But the sun is beginning to shine, so we will have the race after dinner."

"Then I am not too late, after all!" thought Robert. "It was a good thing for me that the snow-storm came on, though I thought it a trouble at the time."

Dinner was announced; and none of the party enjoyed the roast beef and the plum-pudding so much as Robert, who had won a good appetite by his long ride, and who was, besides, happy in the thought that he had performed a kind action.

About an hour after dinner the race came off. Robert ran, and ran well. He sprang like a bounding deer, and he was the first at the goal! When he rode home at dusk, the silver-tipped bugle might have been seen hanging from his neck!

When Robert called at the Jones's cottage on the following day, he was glad to find that the doctor had driven there at once, and that the poor old man was likely to recover from his illness. Sweet to the boy were the thanks of the grateful wife.

Robert said nothing of his adventure to any one at his home. He little guessed that his father had heard the whole story from the doctor.

On New-Year's day, Robert happened to be looking out of a window, when he saw the hostler leading Brownie up to the gate.

"O papa!" cried Robert, "why is dear old Brownie brought here to-day?"

"Can you not guess?" said Mr. Alford.

"I suppose you are going to treat me to another ride, dear papa. You are so kind, to hire Brownie for me."

"Brownie cannot be hired any more, for a gentleman has bought him," said Mr. Alford.

Robert looked sober. "I cannot help being sorry for that," he exclaimed, "for I shall never ride him again."

"Do not be sure of that, till you hear the name of his new master," said Mr. Alford with a smile. "The pony is now the property of one who has shown that he knows how to use him on errands of kindness."

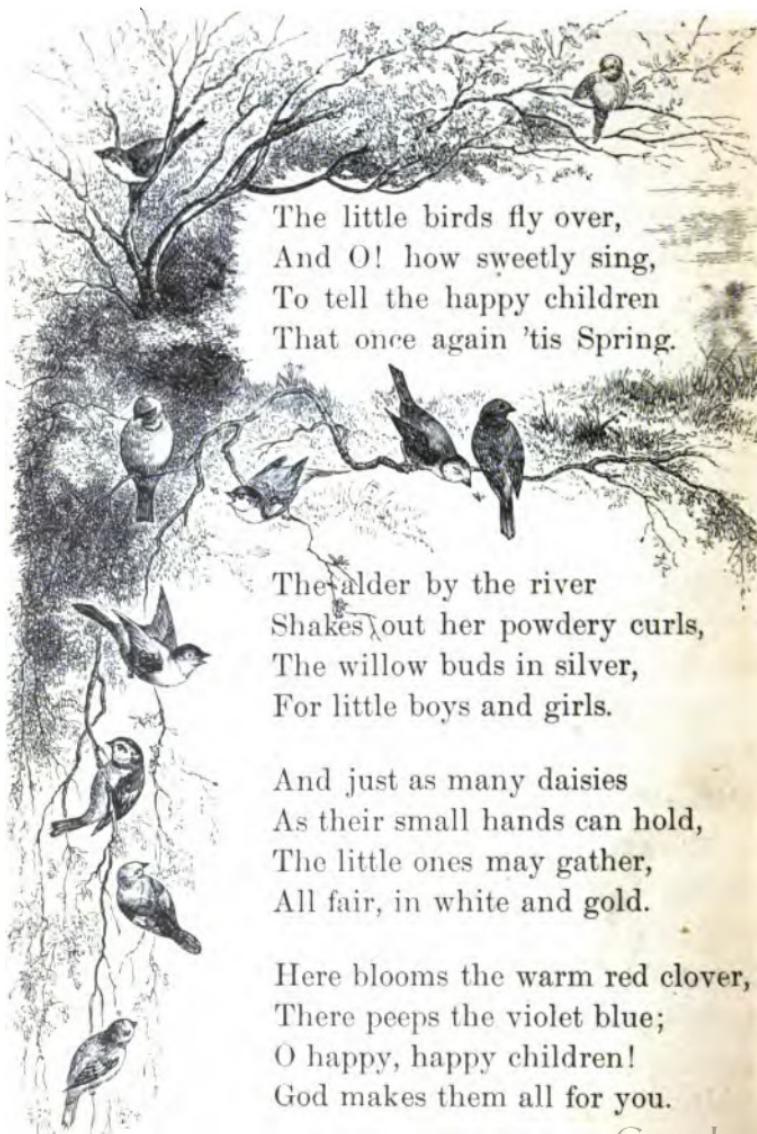
The father laid his hand fondly on the shoulder of Robert, as he added, "Brownie belongs to the boy who gave up his own pleasure that he might bring a doctor to a sick man;—the pony is a father's gift to the son who has learned to do what is right, and say nothing about it!"

Birds and Flowers.

al der
gath er
wil low

rip ple.
dai sies
ver dant

pow der y
a dorn'ing
col um bine



The little birds fly over,
And O! how sweetly sing,
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis Spring.

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls,
The willow buds in silver,
For little boys and girls.

And just as many daisies
As their small hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair, in white and gold.

Here blooms the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy, happy children!
God makes them all for you.

Archie's Fourteenth Letter.

Dear Kate:

We had another sail to-day. This time we went up the Hudson. The weather was delightful. We were on a large steamer, and there was a band on board; so you may imagine how we enjoyed ourselves. It is great fun when one is first starting out, to see all the boats on the river. I tried to count them; but there was so much to talk about, I gave it up.

As we were leaving the city, mother said, "Archie, I suppose you know what State that is on the other side of the river." I am ashamed to say I had forgotten. Do you know? Now, don't look in your Atlas until you have written your answer. When I get home I shall study geography more carefully than I ever did before. It makes one ashamed not to be able to tell the names of the States and rivers he sees.

You will get only one more letter from me, for mother says we shall soon start for home.

Tell me if you don't think the rule for to-day is very easy to understand. I do.

Rule: Words or sentences expressing a wish or sudden feeling, are followed by exclamation points; as, "How I long to go!" "I am astonished!" "Hurrah!"

The Broken Window.

cred it	li bra ry	grat i tude
po lice'	o bliged'	ac count'ing
er rand	hon es ty	a rith'me tic
du ti ful	in ci dent	ad van'ta ges
man sion	in dus try	en cour'a ging

Two boys were one day amusing themselves with that dangerous though not uncommon sport—pelting each other with stones. They had chosen one of the squares for their play-ground, thinking by this means to avoid doing mischief.

To the alarm of the thrower, one stone, instead of striking the boy at whom it was aimed, went through a window of one of the handsome houses in the square.

"Why don't you take to your heels? you will have the police after you while you stand staring there," was the cry of his companion, as he caught him by the arm in order to drag him from the spot. But the offender still kept his ground.

"If your father is obliged to pay for this, you will stand a chance of having a good thrashing, Jack," the other boy urged.

"Never mind, Tom; leave me to myself," was the reply; and the young offender

moved with firm step towards the door of the house, the knocker of which he boldly raised. His knock was answered by a servant.

"Is the master of the house at home?" he asked modestly.

"He is."

"Then I wish to see him, if you please."

"That you cannot do, my man; but I'll deliver any message for you."

"No, that will not do. I must—indeed I must—see the gentleman himself."

The firmness of the boy at length led the man to admit him. Opening the door of the library, he said he was sorry to ask his master to see a shabby little fellow; but he added that he could neither learn his business nor get rid of him.

"Bring him in," said the gentleman, who, having heard all that had been said, was curious to know the object of the boy's visit.

"I am very sorry, sir," he began, in a faltering voice, "but I have broken your window. My father is out of work just now, and cannot pay for it; but if you will be kind enough to take the money a little at a time, as I can get it, I will be sure to make it up;" and as he spoke,

he drew a few cents from his pocket and laid them on the table.

"That is an honest speech, my lad; but how am I to be sure that you will keep your word?" Mr. Bacon replied. "Do you know that I could have you sent to prison till the money is made up?"

"Oh, don't send me there, sir; it would break my dear mother's heart! I will pay you all—indeed I will, sir!" and the poor boy burst into a flood of tears.

"I am glad that you have so much concern for your mother's feelings. For her sake, I will trust to your honesty."

"Oh, thank you, sir—thank you!"

"But when do you expect to be able to make me another payment? This is a very small sum towards the price of a large square of plate-glass;" and, as he spoke, he glanced at the four cents which the boy had spread out.

"A week from to-day, sir, if you please."

"Very well, let it be so. At the same hour I will be at home to see you."

True to his promise, honest Jack appeared at the door of Mr. Bacon's mansion. As the servant had received orders to admit him, he was at once shown into the library.

"I have a quarter of a dollar for you today, sir!" he said joyfully.

"Indeed! That is a large sum for a boy like you to earn in so short a time. I hope you have come by it honestly!" A flush of crimson mounted to the cheek of poor Jack, but it was not the flush of shame.

"I have earned every cent of it, sir," he replied; and he went on to say that he had held a horse for one man, and had run on an errand for another; in this way accounting for the twenty-five cents.

"Your industry does you credit, my lad," said Mr. Bacon kindly, his face lighting up with a smile. "And now I should like to know your name and where you live."

"I will write it, sir, if you please."

"You can write, then!—Do you go to school?"

"Oh yes, sir; I go to a public school." And Jack stepped forward to take the pen which Mr. Bacon held towards him.

"You write a good hand, my little man. Let me see if you know anything of arithmetic." Jack replied readily to the questions which were put to him. "That will do. Now, when do you think you will be able to come and bring me some more money?"

"I shall come again this time next week, if I be alive and well, sir."

"That was wisely added, my lad; for our lives are not in our own keeping. This also, I see, you have been taught."

Another week passed, and again Jack appeared; but he now wore a look of sadness.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said; "I have been unlucky, and have only a small sum to give you." As he spoke, he laid six cents before Mr. Bacon. I have tried to earn money in every way I could think of," he added, "but this is all I could get."

"I believe you, my boy. I am pleased with your honest purpose. Perhaps you will meet with better success another time. Let me see: you have now paid thirty-five cents. That is doing pretty well for the time;" and with an encouraging smile Mr. Bacon allowed him to depart.

Though Mr. Bacon had said nothing about it, he was planning a way to befriend the poor boy, whose noble conduct had won his heart. For this end he paid the parents a visit, a few days later, when he knew that their son would be at school. He told the incident which had brought the boy under his notice, and asked if his conduct at home were as praiseworthy.

"O yes, sir," said the mother, her eyes filling with tears. "He has ever been a dutiful child to us; and he always acts in the same honest, straightforward manner."

"He has indeed a noble spirit, sir," the father added; "and I am as proud of him as if he were a prince."

"Would you part with him for a while?" asked Mr. Bacon. "I have something in view for his benefit."

"We would for his benefit," was the reply of both.

"Well, then, buy him a suit of clothes with this money, and bring him to my house to-morrow. I have made arrangements for him to live with me, and will take charge of his education and treat him as if he were my own son."

Words cannot describe the gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the happy parents; nor could they find words to express it.

So sudden a change would in many cases prove hurtful to a boy's character; but Jack is so sensible and so honest, there is little fear that his head will be turned by his good fortune.

The Brave Fireman.

hon or	ag o ny	en gines
lad der	re ceive'	o pen ing
hatch et	de spair'	read i ness
dis may'	puff ing	dis ap peared'

"Fire! fire! fire!" rang out through the midnight air.

People started from their sleep and threw up their bedroom windows to ask where it was. Some hurriedly dressed themselves and ran in the direction of the burning building.

At last a cry was heard that the fire-engines were in sight. On they came at a rapid pace. The crowd made way for them. "Are all out of the house?" shouted one of the firemen. "I think so," said a policeman, pointing to a group of half-dressed people.

Just then there came a cry of horror from the crowd. Mrs. Wilson, able to find only three of her children, had rushed back to the ladder by which she had descended, calling out in her agony, "There are two children yet in the house, little Willie and Mary!"

Strong hands held her back, and all said that she would only throw away her own life in the attempt to save them.

One of the firemen heard her; and hastily asking in which room the little ones slept, he placed the ladder against the window pointed out, and, hatchet in hand, quickly ascended.

With a few well-directed blows he made an opening through the sash large enough to admit himself, and in a moment was lost to view.

Several minutes passed, and nothing was heard but the crackling of the flames, the puffing of the engines, and the hoarse cries of those who directed the men. With anxious eyes the crowd watched the window through which the fireman had disappeared.

Ladders were ready to be placed against other parts of the building, if needed. Pieces of carpet were also in readiness, to receive any one who might be dropped from a window. Ten minutes passed,—it might have been an hour, it seemed so long to the anxious, waiting crowd.

Suddenly a cry was heard—a cry of terror and dismay, for flames burst forth from the room in which the children slept! All hope now seemed gone. The mother gazed in despair upon the scene: she could not speak. Her grief was terrible to behold.

At that moment another cry rent the air, a cry of joy:—"There he is! they are



saved! they are saved!" shouted the people. All turned in the direction of that cry. Down the front staircase, carrying a child in each arm, the brave fireman was seen to come.

Unable to return by the window without injury to the children, he had groped his way through the smoke to the stairs. And he was not a moment too soon; for, with a loud crash, the inside of the building fell behind him.

How the crowd cheered him, as he placed the children safe and sound in the arms of their grateful mother. All honor to the brave fireman!

Jamie's Wagon.

debt	bou quet'	earn est ly
aunt	pil lowed	grate ful ly
voy age	gath ered	sooth ing ly
re joiced	name sake	un will'ing ly

"Darling Jamie!" exclaimed little Nellie Moore, as she knelt by the side of her two-year-old brother, and offered him the blossoms which she had gathered for him on her return from school. "How I wish you were strong and well as I am, and could run about and pick the pretty flowers!"

Jamie smiled and held out his hand for his sister's gift.

"Jamie is glad to see Nellie," he said, as he patted his sister's cheek, and put up his lips for a kiss.

"Jamie is happy now," said Mrs. Moore, looking up from her work and smiling lovingly on the children. "He is always contented when he has his dear Nellie with him."

"How soon do you think he will be able to run about, mother?" asked Nellie, looking earnestly in her mother's face.

"Not yet awhile, dear," answered the mother. "Poor Jamie had but just learned

to walk, you know, when he was taken sick; and the doctor tells me that it may be a long time before he will begin to walk again.

"But he is growing stronger every day. The fresh air does him good. I moved his crib out into the yard to-day, and let him feel the warm sunshine. It has already brought a little color into his cheeks."

"If father were at home," said Nellie, "he could make a nice little wagon for Jamie, and I would draw him about in the woods and fields.

"But father will not be at home for two or three months, and then it will be cold weather, and Jamie cannot go out. I wish we had a wagon for him now!"

Jamie smiled and looked very much pleased, though he knew but little of what Nellie was talking about, for he had never taken a ride, and the greater part of his life had been passed in one room.

Mrs. Moore lived in a cottage near a small village. Her husband was a sailor, and was often absent for many months at a time. During his last voyage, the severe illness of the little boy had made it necessary for Mrs. Moore to incur many heavy expenses; and she found that it would be very diffi-

cult for her to support her family until her husband's return, as the money which he had left with her was nearly gone.

Unwilling to run in debt, she was now making every exertion, not only to economize, but also to increase her means by sewing for the wives of the more wealthy farmers in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Moore sighed as she listened to Nellie's cheerful talk about taking little Jamie to ride. She had been thinking that very day that a little carriage would be very useful and pleasant.

"Perhaps when this lot of work for Mrs. White is finished, mother, you can buy some kind of a cheap carriage for Jamie."

Mrs. Moore shook her head sadly. "Every cent of it is needed for other things, Nellie," she replied; "but we will carry Jamie out in our arms, and do the best we can to give him the fresh air."

"We could get a little wagon made for one dollar," said Nellie. "The carpenter who works for Mr. White made one for his little boy, and I heard him say it was worth a dollar, but you cannot spare the dollar. Never mind, Jamie, sister can draw you on the grass in the old clothes-basket."

The next day Mrs. Moore was reading a letter from her only sister who lived many miles away; and as she finished the first two pages of the letter, and turned to a new leaf, she said, smiling, "And now comes a message for Nellie:—

"Give my love to my little niece, and tell her Aunt Nellie does not forget that her birthday is close at hand. The enclosed dollar is to buy a new doll; for I think the one which I brought on my last visit must be quite unfit for use."

Nellie's eyes beamed with delight as her mother placed the money in her hand.

"I love Aunty!" she exclaimed. "If she were here I would kiss her a dozen times."

"She is very thoughtful of her little namesake," said Mrs. Moore, "and I am glad that you can have a new doll, dear Nellie. Your old one does look shabby, because you so kindly lent it to Jamie when he was sick."

"Jamie loves poor Fannie, mother. She does not look so very bad. One of her eyes is out, and there is a little piece broken off the end of her nose, but she has one good foot."

Mother laughed at this, and Nellie looked a little grieved.

"Never mind, Nellie," said her mother, soothingly, "Fannie does look pretty well, considering how long she has been in use; but, of course, a new one will look much better. Let me think, next Saturday will be your birthday. I must go to the village and buy the doll."

"Must I have a doll, mother?" asked Nellie, anxiously.

"No, dear, not if you prefer something else," replied Mrs. Moore with surprise. "Aunt Nellie will be glad to have you buy what you like best."

"Then I will buy the wagon for Jamie," said Nellie, clapping her hands with delight.

"But Nellie, are you willing to give your whole dollar?" asked her mother, who wished to test her generosity.

"Yes, of course," returned Nellie, as if surprised at the question, "and if you are willing, I will go right over to Mr. White's, and ask the carpenter to make the wagon and to have it done by Saturday, if he possibly can, so that I can give Jamie a ride on my birthday."

Mrs. Moore was quite willing, and Nellie hastened away, soon returning with the pleasant news that the wagon would be ready for them on Friday evening.

Saturday was bright and sunny, and Nellie rejoiced greatly that the dollar from Aunty came just in time to give them all so happy a day.

Little Jamie was carefully seated in the new wagon, and looked around him with delight, as he was drawn into the pleasant woods and fields by his sister.



While resting in the woods, Nellie playfully crowned Jamie with a wreath of flowers; and then, with a pretty bouquet in her hand, she stood gazing at him with so loving a face that the most elegant carriage in the world could not have made him feel more happy.

Story of a Flower-Bed.

punched	soft ened	re ward'ed
ser mons	con sid'er	for giv'ing
train ing	min is ter	po lite'ness
ar rayed'	Sol o mon	pun ish ing

One day, mamma, who was working among her flowers, told Amy that she could have a little garden, if she would take care of it herself.

Amy gladly promised to do this, for she was very fond of flowers; and she thought it would be the nicest thing in the world to do what she pleased with flowers that were her own.

As she looked up with a glad smile to thank her mamma, there stood dear old Mr. Gleason, their minister, leaning over the gate and smiling down upon her. Every body loved him, for he was always kind and good.

"I only stopped," he said, "to see what makes our little girl so happy, this morning." And when he heard that she was to have a little garden, he looked at her thoughtfully for a minute, and then said, "Many is the sermon it will preach you, my dear, if you will listen closely enough."

In a minute more he had said, "Good morning!" and was walking down the street.

Amy did not forget what the minister had said, though she did not understand how a flower-garden could preach sermons.

That night, little Tommy, Amy's two-year-old brother, had to be sent from the table because he cried for the largest piece of cake.

As he was carried out of the room, kicking and screaming, Aunt Anna said: "It is useless, sister, to punish so small a child as that. It is too early to begin training him."

But Amy's mamma replied quietly, "I do not think I can begin too early to plant the seeds of kindness and politeness, if I want Tommy to grow up a good boy."

The next day as Amy was working in her garden, her friend Fannie came along; and after watching Amy for a time, she said: "Dear me! you are planting your seeds too early. Why don't you wait until warmer weather comes?"

Amy answered quickly, "I must plant my seeds early if I want my flowers to amount to much."

Then it flashed across her mind that those were almost the very words mamma had said to Aunt Anna, about Tommy; and she wondered if children's hearts were at all like flower-gardens.

She laughed to herself at such a foolish thought, and continued to plant her seeds as Fannie walked away.

In a few days grandma came to make them a visit. In the meantime, the seeds mamma had planted were beginning to send up tiny green leaves, like little messengers, telling that flowers might soon be expected. But Amy's garden showed no sign of life.

One evening she asked her papa, in almost a fretful tone, why it was that her mamma's flowers were all coming up, while none of hers had begun to grow.

He took her hand and walked with her to the little garden.

As soon as he saw it, he exclaimed: "Why my dear child, you do not water your flower-bed! You should water it every day in order to keep the ground soft. The seeds are weak little things; and how can they send up their leaves through such hard earth as this?" and he punched it with his cane.

Amy ran to the house, and came back with mamma's watering-pot, and soon made the ground soft and wet.

Each day after that she took care to water her flower-bed; and before long, she

was rewarded by seeing the little green leaves appear. Tommy called them, "Baby flowers," they were so small.

Not very long afterwards, Amy heard mamma say to grandma; "I don't know what I shall do with Jennie, she has so quick a temper. Nothing I can say to her does any good!"

Grandma went on with her knitting for awhile, and then said in a low tone: "My dear, do you ever try forgiving Jennie, instead of punishing her? I know she has a hard temper to manage; but it seems to me that it might be softened by love. Try it a few times; then, perhaps, what you say to her will do some good. I think she is not a bad child at heart."

Amy saw tears standing in mamma's eyes; and soon she heard her go up stairs, to the room where Jennie had been sent because she was saucy to her mother.

A little while after, they came down together, both looking happy, though Amy could see that they had been crying.

Next day, when Amy went out to water her plants, she saw Tommy digging away with a short stick in the middle of her garden. Her first wish was to stop him and tell him that he was a naughty bad boy.

But she thought how her flowers had grown where the ground had been softened. Then she remembered what grandma had said about Jennie's obeying mamma when her heart was made soft. So she thought she would see what kindness would do for Tommy.

Putting her arm around him, she said: "Amy does not want Tommy to dig in her garden. If he does, neither Amy nor Tommy can have any pretty blossoms this summer."

Tommy had expected cross words, and he looked up at her, surprised. But when he saw that she did not look angry, he said, "I's sorry," and began to put the dirt back.

Amy then told him that it should be his flower-bed, too, and he might help her take care of it. This made him very happy, and he started off to tell mamma.

After he had gone, Amy looked down at her flower-bed and said, half aloud, "The sermons you preach are good ones." Then she laughed at herself.

The next Sunday, Mr. Gleason took for his text: "Consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin. Yet I say to you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

Amy listened eagerly; and when he said that all God's world was made to teach us

lessons of His love and wisdom, she felt that she knew something of what he meant.

Her pleasure in her garden was far greater after this; and truly, many a sermon did it give her.

Contentment.

psalm for lorn' lin ger glit ter ing

Upon the red rose tree, among
The sweet June flowers, a sparrow sung
A little psalm of love and praise:
“How sweet,” sang he, “these summer days
For me the meadow strawberry grows!
To rock my nest the south wind blows,
And all my life is glad and free!
But this a dreary spot would be,
If one should linger here, forlorn,
When summer and the flowers were gone!”

Upon a bough, with frost-wreaths hung,
And glittering ice, a snow-bird swung,
And chirped his little song of praise:
“How bright,” sang he, “the wintry days!
How merrily the north winds blow!
How gently falls the pure white snow,
And all around makes fair to see!—
But this a dreary spot would be,
If one should linger here, forlorn,
When winter and the snow were gone!”

Archie's Fifteenth Letter.

Dear Kate:

I have enjoyed your letters very much. It is pleasant to hear from home when one is away! This is the last letter I shall write, as we expect to see you in a few days.

New York is a great city. We could not begin to see all the sights if we stayed here a month.

We spent the morning on Broadway, looking at the pretty things in the windows. Don't I wish I were rich? One trunk would not be large enough for all the presents I should bring home.

I know just what mother would say if she read this. She would say: "Archie, have I not told you that riches do not bring happiness? A kind heart and a willing hand are the only true riches." I suppose this is so; but I would like plenty of money too; wouldn't you? Think how much good we could do with it!

This is the rule for to-day: A clause that could be left out of a sentence without destroying the sense, follows and is followed by a dash; as, "The happy man—and who would not be happy—is he who thinks of others, rather than himself."

Archie.

P. S.—I hope you will like your present!



My Winter Friend.

The chickadee, the chickadee,—
A chosen friend of mine is he:
His head and throat are glossy black;
He wears a gray coat on his back;
His vest is light,—'t is almost white;
His eyes are round, and clear, and bright.

He picks the seeds from withered weeds;
Upon my table-crumbs he feeds:
He comes and goes through falling snows;
The freezing wind around him blows,—
He heeds it not: his heart is gay
As if it were the breeze of May.

The whole day long he sings one song,
Though dark the sky may be;
And better than all other birds
I love the chickadee!

The bluebird coming in the spring,
 The goldfinch with his yellow wing,
 The humming-bird that feeds on pinks
 And roses, and the bobolinks,
 The robins gay, the sparrows gray,—
 They all delight me while they stay.

But when, ah me! they chance to see
 A red leaf on the maple-tree,
 They all cry, “O, we dread the snow!”
 And spread their wings in haste to go;
 And when they all have southward flown,
 The chickadee remains alone.

A bird that stays in wintry days,
 A friend indeed is he;
 And better than all other birds
 I love the chickadee!

The Wonderful Pudding.

col liers	smelt ers	sat is fied
gro cers	grind ing	em ployed'
saw yers	quar ried	mer chants

Uncle Robert invited us to dinner. He promised us a pudding, the making of which had employed more than a thousand men!

“A pudding that has taken a thousand men to make!” we shouted, “then it must be as large as a church!”

"Well, boys," said Uncle Robert, "tomorrow, at dinner-time, you shall see it."

Scarcely had we taken our breakfast the next day, when we prepared to go to our uncle's house.

When we arrived, we were surprised to find everything calm and quiet as usual.

At last we sat down at the table. The first courses over,—our eyes were eagerly fixed on the door, when—in came the pudding! It was a plum-pudding of the usual size.

"This is not the pudding that you promised us," said my brother.

"It is, indeed," said Uncle Robert.

"Oh, uncle! you do not mean to say that a thousand men have helped to make that!"

"Eat some of it first, my boy; and then take your slate and pencil, and help me count the workmen," said Uncle Robert.

"Now," continued Uncle Robert, "for this pudding we must have flour; the ground must have been ploughed, sowed, and harrowed, and the grain reaped and threshed.

"To make the plough, miners, smelters, and smiths, wood-cutters, sawyers, and carpenters must have labored.

"The leather of the harness for the horses had to be tanned and prepared for the harness-maker.

"Then we have the builders of the mill for grinding the grain, and the men who quarried the millstones, and made the machinery.

"The plums, the lemon-peel, the spices, and the sugar, all came from distant countries; and to bring them here, ships, ship-builders, sail-makers, sailors, merchants, and grocers have been employed.

"Then we require eggs, milk, and suet."

"Oh, stop, stop, uncle!" cried I; "I am sure you have counted a thousand!"

"I have not reckoned all, my child. We must cook the pudding, and then we must reckon colliers who bring us coal, and miners who dig the metals for the saucepan.

"Then there is the linen of the cloth in which the pudding was boiled. To make this we must reckon those who cultivate, gather, card, spin, and weave the flax, and all who make the looms and machines."

So we boys both said we were quite satisfied that there were more than a thousand men employed in the making of the pudding.



The Cradle.

Cel tic	a dor'ing	de li'cious
Ju de'a	swal lows	shep herds
man ger '.	ham mock	mut ter ing
where in'	in dig'nant	en chant'ment

The barn was low, and dim, and old;
 Broad on the floor the sunshine slept;
 And through the windows and the doors
 Swift in and out the swallows swept.

And breezes from the summer sea
 Drew through, and stirred the fragrant hay
 Down dropping from the loft, wherein
 A gray old idle fish-net lay

Heaped in a corner; and one loop
 Hung loose, the dry, sweet grass among,
 And hammock-wise, to all the winds
 It floated to and fro, and swung.

And there, one day, the children brought
 The pet of all the house to play;
 A baby boy of three-years old,
 And sweeter than the dawn of day.

They laid him in the drooping loop,
 And softly swung him, till at last,
 Over his beauty, balmy sleep
 Its delicate enchantment cast.

And then they ran to call us all:
 "Come, see where little Rob is! Guess!"
 And brought us where the darling lay,
 A heap of rosy loveliness,

Curled in the net: the dim old place
 He brightened; like a star he shone,
 Cradled in air: we stood, as once
 The shepherds of Judea had done;

And while, adoring him, we gazed
 With eyes that gathered tender dew,
 Wrathful, upon the gentle scene,
 His Celtic nurse indignant flew.

"Is this a fit place for the child!"
 And out of his delicious sleep
 She clutched him, muttering as she went
 Her scorn and wonder, low and deep.

His father smiled, and drew aside;
 A grave, sweet look was in his face,—
 "For One, who in a manger lay,
 It was not found too poor a place!"

True Courage.

sul lied	cir cu lar	com pressed'
pi az'za	in teg'ri ty	an i ma'tion
ra di ant	temp ta'tion	per mis'sion

I was sitting by an upper window in one of the large boarding-houses at Saratoga Springs, thinking of absent friends, when I heard shouts of children from the piazza beneath me.

"O yes, that's capital! So we will! Let us all go! There is William Hale! Come, William, we are going to have a ride on the Circular Railway. Come with us."

"Yes, if my mother is willing. I will run and ask her," replied William.

"O! O! so you must run and ask your mamma! Are you not ashamed? I didn't ask my mother." "Nor I," "Nor I," added half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William," cried the first voice; "come along with us, if you don't want to be called a coward. Don't you see we are all waiting?"

I leaned forward to catch a view of the children, and saw William standing, with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clenched, in the midst of the group.

He was a fine subject for a painter, at that moment. His flushed brow, flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing cheek, all told how the word "coward" was rankling in his breast.

"Will he indeed prove himself a coward by yielding to them?" thought I. It was with breathless interest I listened for his answer; for I feared that the evil in his heart might be stronger than the good.

"I am not a coward, but I will not go without asking my mother," said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion; "I promised her I would not leave the house without permission; and I should be a base coward if I were to deceive her."

I saw him in the evening in the crowded parlor. He was walking by the side of his mother, a stately matron of gentle and polished manners, clad in widow's mourning.

It was with evident pride she looked on her graceful boy, whose face was one of the finest I ever saw, fairly radiant with animation and intelligence. Was his heart lighter from the victory won in the morning? I could not help believing so.

Well might any mother be proud of such a son,—one who dared to do right, when all were tempting him to do wrong.

My heart breathed a prayer that the young spirit, now so strong in its integrity, might never be sullied by worldliness or sin.

Such a boy will be an ornament to his native land. Our country needs stout, brave hearts, that can stand fast when the whirlwind of temptation gathers thick and strong around them. She needs men, who, from infancy upward, have scorned to be false and unfaithful to duty.

The Oak.

The oak-tree boughs once touched the grass;
But every year they grew,
A little farther from the ground,
And nearer toward the blue.

So live that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little farther from the earth,
And nearer to the sky.



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